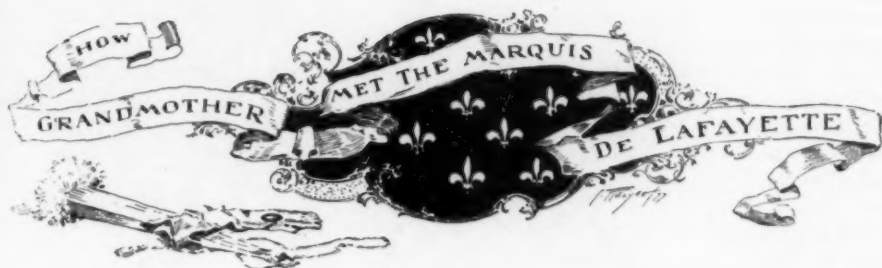


ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIV.

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No. 9.



(A true story.)

BY ELLA SHEARMAN PARTRIDGE.

"YES, dear; it is a queer-looking old glove with that little portrait on the back; and you are quite right in saying that it is a picture of the Marquis de Lafayette. It is just seventy-two years ago this year that I wore that glove with its mate at the ball given by the city of Philadelphia in honor of the return of the Marquis, who was visiting again the country he had helped many years before to wrest from the King of England.

"The whole country went quite wild with enthusiasm over the brave young man who had proved himself to be such a trusty friend to our beloved Washington; and when my honored father came home from the court-house one afternoon, and told mother to get the girls'

dresses ready for the ball, and to spare no expense, as there might be a possibility of one of them being chosen by the Marquis for a dance or a promenade, my little heart beat high with anticipation. But, alas! I was reminded that I was only a very small child,—only twelve years old,—and as I could not even make a proper courtesy, I would certainly have to stay at home. So I accepted my bitter disappointment as a necessity, and watched the great preparations made by the rest of the family with much interest and not a little envy.

"The girls practised their steps dutifully, and made graceful courtesies before the long mirrors in the drawing-room, until I could stand it no longer; and I rushed away to the prim old

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garden, and there, in the privacy of that retreat, I bobbed and bowed, imitating the sweet smiles and coy glances I had watched so closely in the house. Then, when I felt that I could bow and smile at the same time, not forgetting the one in the exertion required for the other, I stole quietly into father's study, and climbing up on the arm of his chair, I coaxed to be allowed to go. I finally assured him that I could make a most beautiful courtesy, and I showed him. To my great delight, he caught me in his arms, and laughing merrily, he cried:

"'You shall certainly go to the ball; and if the Marquis can resist that—that salutation, he is not a Frenchman!'

"The girls 'fied' at me when they knew it; but my dear little mother had a simple muslin made for me, in which, with the dainty rosebud trimming, I felt quite as fine as my sisters in their gorgeous silks and their powdered hair; and, to make my happiness complete, just before we started for the ball mother gave each of us a pair of white kid gloves with the portrait of the Marquis de Lafayette printed on the back. And the one you are holding is the one—but wait, I am going too fast.

"Ah, I can see him now, with his courtly grace and elegant manner, as he bent low over the hand of every lady presented to him;

and I watched curiously to see if he noticed the decoration on their gloves: but he did not seem to at all.

"I had been placed in the corner of the room, and was told to keep very quiet, as it



"IN THE PRIM OLD GARDEN I BOBBED AND BOWED."

was a most unusual thing for young folks to appear in so public a place. So after the

dancing began I looked eagerly at couple after couple as they glided slowly past me, marveling at the magnificent gowns, the gaiety of it all, and keeping time with my restless slippered feet to the rhythm of the music. Presently, before I could notice who they were, two gentlemen stepped just in front of me, and began discussing the beautiful scene before them. When, quite accidentally, I caught a glimpse of the face of one of them, and saw it was the Marquis, I uttered an exclamation of delight at being able to see him so closely. I think he must have heard me, for he turned quickly, and noticing that he was obstructing my view of the room, came hastily toward me, and holding out his hand, said:

"Mademoiselle, a thousand pardons! I did not see you. And I really believe I have not yet been presented to you. Permit me.' And with that he raised my hand to his lips and kissed it. I barely remembered in time

the courtesy that I had practised so long in the garden, to the edification of the box-trees and holly-bushes; but, as he kissed the glove, a mischievous idea caused me to smile, and he asked:

"What amuses mademoiselle?"

"Oh, monsieur,' I said, with a little laugh, 'you kissed your own face!' and I showed him the portrait on my glove, which he regarded gravely.

"What a mistake!' he remarked; and, looking down at me quizzically, he added, 'I must correct it.'

"Then — then — well, I was only a little girl, you know; and — yes, you may kiss me too, if you like. It was right on this cheek"; — and after all these years grandmother's face flushed prettily at the remembrance.

"And my father always insisted it was the courtesy which made the Marquis dare to do it; and that thereby he only proved himself to be the most gallant of Frenchmen."

A SUMMER PICTURE.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

The grass is green upon the hill;
The sea is blue below.
Beneath the summer sky we watch
The white sails come and go.

And some are sails of sturdy ships
That roam the ocean o'er,
And some of little pleasure-boats
That hover near the shore.

And I, so old and full of care,
Am like the ships that roam;
While you, a little pleasure craft,
Are safer near at home.

The grass is green; and blue the sea;
The boats go sailing by;
And no one here but you and me,
And overhead the sky.

THE

LAST OF THE DRUMS

BY CON MARRAST PERKINS,
First Lieutenant United States Marine Corps.



I THINK few know that of all the time-honored equipments of war which these days of military progress have left to us, the drum is the oldest; but, like the sword and the bayonet, the drum is fast disappearing. Its companion the fife, hallowed by traditions of valor even in our own history, from Lexington to Gettysburg, is already gone, and another decade will still forever the inspiring martial music of the drum.

What boy has not felt his pulses thrill and his heart swell with patriotic pride and martial ardor while gazing upon the well-known picture of the Revolution, the "Minute Men of '76" forsaking the plowshare and flying to take down the old flintlock at the tocsin of war—the throbbing of the drum and the shrill screaming of the fife, sounded by two scarred veterans, bare-headed, white-haired, and in their shirt-sleeves, marching through fields and along the roads, calling the patriots to arms!

Every New England schoolboy has read

* The story is told in *St. NICHOLAS* for July, 1874.

the story of Abigail and Elizabeth, the sisters of Newburyport, who during the Revolution repelled alone an attack of the British by beating furiously an old drum and blowing a fife.* The British troops, who were about to land, hurried back to their ships, thinking a whole army lay in ambush to repulse them!

Thus did a fife and a drum drive off the enemy, and save a town from pillage and ruin.

The military drum is supposed to have been introduced in Europe by the Moors and Saracens, during the middle ages, and was quickly adopted by armies. The drum of to-day differs little, and in appearance only, from the earliest form. It consists, as every boy knows, of two pieces of parchment, or batter-heads, stretched over the ends of a hollow cylinder, and struck with sticks. For ages this instrument has been known among savage tribes and barbaric nations, who use its weird music to accompany their religious rites, as well as for war purposes.

The tom-tom of the Sioux Indian is a good example of a primitive drum.

In civilized warfare the drum has ever been connected with deeds of martial valor, and its voice is dear to the heart of the soldier who has followed its pulsing into the deadly fire of battle, or even in reviews and military parades, when rank upon rank sweep up a street keeping perfect alignment and step to the drum's inspiring beat.

It has found a place in history through the daring bravery of more than one beardless boy who has sounded at the critical moment the

pas de charge or "rally" just in time to turn the tide of battle.

Johnny Clem, the "drummer-boy of Shiloh," who beat the rally *without orders* when his regiment had broken, panic-stricken, and thus helped to save the day, was made an officer for his heroism, and is now a major in the United States army.

In fable, song, and story the drum has ever kept pace with the most valiant deeds of men. Rudyard Kipling's pathetic little story of "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," two courageous drummer-boys who, at the cost of their own lives, led the charge and saved the honor of their regiment when routed by the Afghans, tells of a deed such as is to be found in history as well as in fiction. More than once has the drum claimed a place in the front rank of storming battalions, or led desperate charges in the van of a victorious army.

What wonder, then, that we look sorrowfully into the future, when battling will no longer be inspired by the "war - drum's throb"; for we know that the advance of military science, with all its death-dealing machine-guns, magazine-rifles and its smokeless powder, will surely sound the knell of the drum.

Ten years ago the French army, whose imperial legions under Ney, Soult, and Macdonald, Napoleon's most valorous marshals, had so often been led to victory by the drum, decided to abolish it.

It is related that upon news of the decree of the Minister of War reaching the army, a vet-

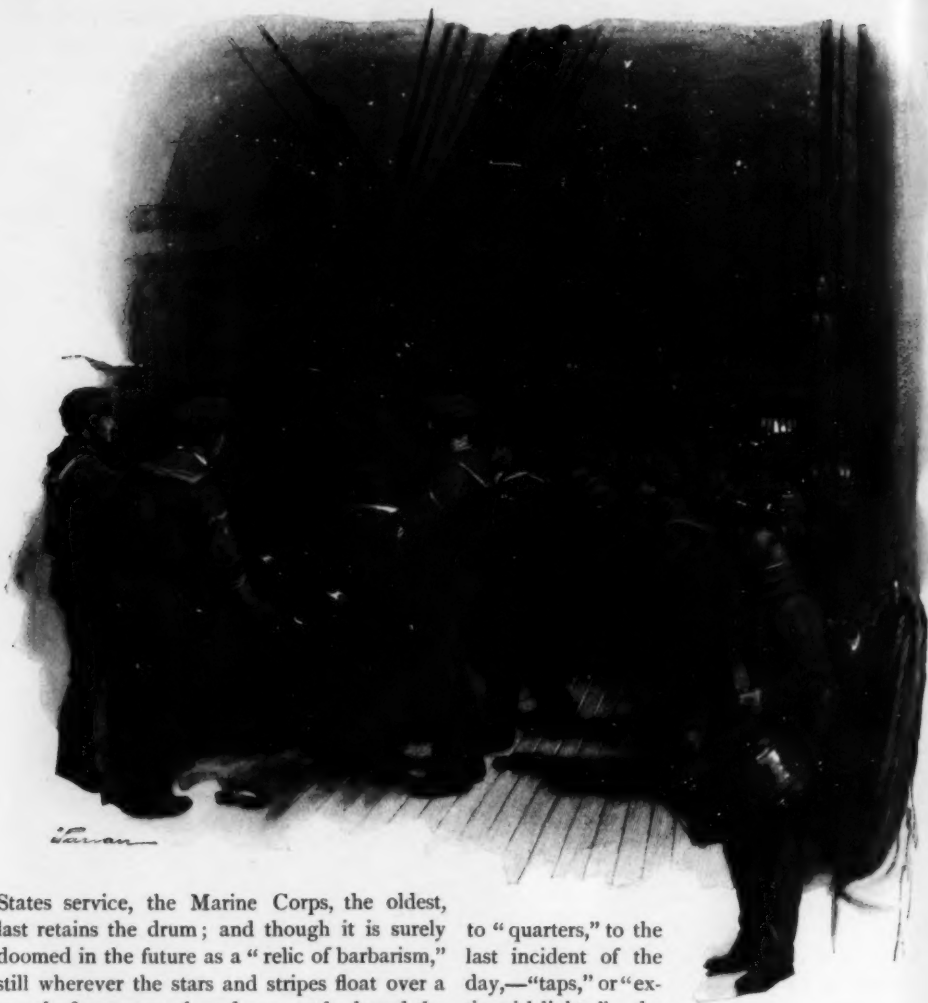
eran drummer of Napoleon's Old Guard, who, as a boy, had sounded the *pas de charge* at Austerlitz and Jena, died of a broken heart.



THE DRUMMER-BOY'S DREAM.

The Emperor himself dearly loved the rataplan of the drum, and is said always to have had the reveille beaten to awaken him each morning.

Of all the regular organizations in the United



States service, the Marine Corps, the oldest, last retains the drum; and though it is surely doomed in the future as a "relic of barbarism," still wherever the stars and stripes float over a vessel of our navy abroad can yet be heard the drum's inspiring roll.

In the navy as well as in the army the drum is hallowed and glorified by traditions of victory; and from the day Paul Jones ran up the first flag of our country, with its liberty-tree and its motto, "An Appeal to Heaven," down to the present, a man-of-war's drummer, though the smallest mite on board, has always played an important part in the daily routine of our nation's floating bulwarks.

From the rolling of "gun bright-work" in the morning, and the long-drawn, solemn beat

to "quarters," to the last incident of the day,—“taps,” or “extinguish lights,”—the drum retains its place here; and the little Marine-drummer, with his baby face and red coat, is the last to carry his drum proudly at the head of marching men, and to blend its martial rattle with the blare of the trumpet, which has usurped the place of the fife.

These boys are enlisted at Washington, and are taught in the music-school at Marine headquarters, after which they are drafted to the several Marine stations at navy-yards, or

THE MIDNIGHT BEAT TO
“QUARTERS.”

distributed to vessels in commission all over the world.

They are enlisted at from fourteen to sixteen years of age, and are bound over to serve in the Marine Corps until twenty-one, when they are honorably discharged.

While serving on men-of-war, they swing in hammocks and mess with the Marine Guard, and in all respects are treated as if they are men; in action they serve at the great guns as powder-boys,—“powder-monkeys” as they are sometimes called. The duty of a powder-boy is to pass charges from the magazine to the battery.

Drummers are distinguished from the private soldiers of the Marine Guard in full-dress uniform by a scarlet tunic with white facings and shoulder knots—the only dress in our service like the traditional red coat of “Tommy Atkins,” the British soldier, which has been worn by the army for nearly three hundred years. As a joke upon this distinctively un-American uniform, it is related that when the British were seen approaching Bladensburg, during the war of 1812, a wag in the American ranks shouted, “Great Scott! boys, here comes the *music*. I guess I won't wait for the *army*!”

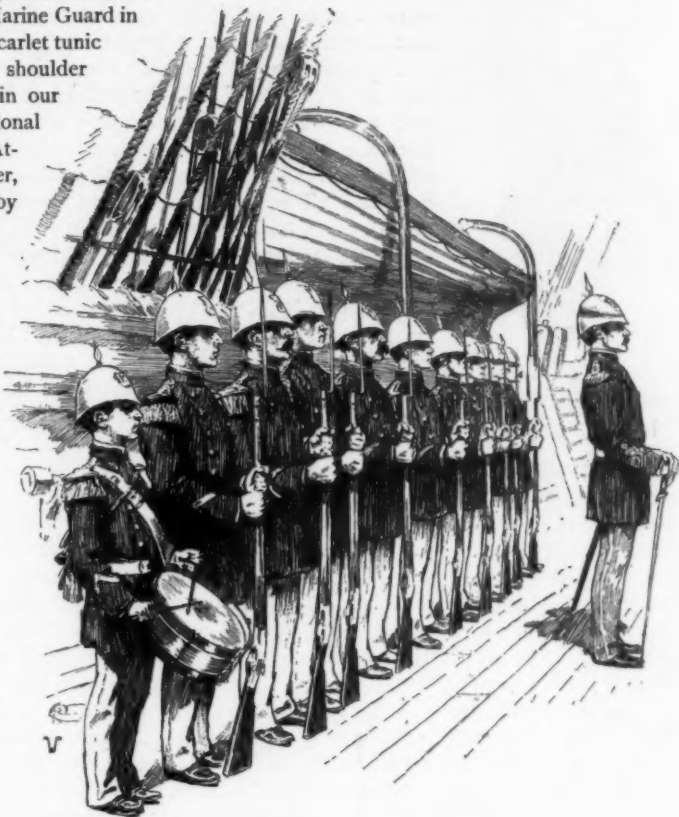
The pay of the drummer was the same as that of a private—\$13.00 per month, with rations and clothing, and the right to be sent back to the place of enlistment without cost to themselves, when the time of service is ended.

Let me describe a little incident to show the use of the drum on board a man-of-war.

The ship is lying at anchor in a distant port; it is night, and nothing is heard but the tramp of the sentry on the forecabin and the ripple of water at the gangway.

Only the officer of the deck, the quartermaster, and the guard are awake. The entire crew are below decks and dreaming in their hammocks.

The cabin door opens, and the captain steps forth softly, fully dressed, and wearing his sword and revolver. He speaks in a low tone to the officer of the deck, who sends an orderly forward with a message. In a moment the orderly



THE MARINE GUARD—SUNDAY INSPECTION.

returns bringing with him the drummer, who stands silently at the mast, drumsticks in hand, watching the commander.

"Eight bells"—midnight—is struck. At a silent signal from the commanding officer, the drummer poises his sticks an instant, then sounds the long roll, or "alarm," which is at once followed by the quick beat to "general quarters."

Instantly the scene changes to one of, apparently, the utmost confusion. Four hundred men leap from their hammocks; passing



DRUMMER, MARINE GUARD.

a few turns of the lashings around them, they throw them into their "nettings," then spring to their stations at the batteries, and cast loose the guns.

A moment more, and a bright flash and roar from the fore-castle pivot gun bursts upon the stillness and gloom of the night, followed quickly by the broad-side battery.

Each gun is fired once, a blank charge, but enough to show that the gun is in good order and ready for service.

As suddenly the pandemonium subsides; confusion gives place to silence and order, and not a sound is heard; but the battle-lanterns flashing along the crowded deck reveal the well-disciplined crew standing at their quarters, every man equipped with cutlas and pistol, silent and alert. Sponges, rammers, supply-boxes, and battle axes litter the deck; everything is provided and ready as for action; while the captain, accompanied by the executive officer (the first lieutenant), with an orderly bearing a lantern, makes a thorough inspection fore and aft and below, including the powder-division, magazines, and shell-rooms, to see that nothing is lacking which would be required in real action.

At the touch of the drum the ship has been changed from deathlike stillness to readiness for battle, every officer and man at his sta-

tion, armed, silent, expectant,—and all in less than *three minutes!*

Truly, then, can it be wondered that after generations of such experiences in real war, we regret to give up the drum, at whose magic touch such changes can be wrought? Could the beating of a gong (more barbarous yet than the drum), the ringing of a bell, or can even the piercing notes of the bugle, quite fill its place, and bring that same suppressed though exhilarated excitement and readiness for action to those who know its power? I fear not.

There is in the notes of the drum something unlike any other music in the world. How it sets the heart to throbbing and the blood to coursing through the veins, as it falls upon the ear! To what stirring scenes has its beating been the prelude, and what unspeakable sights have men seen within the sound of its rollings!

In its music there is something that sweeps away the sluggishness of every-day life, and gives a feeling that is akin to inspiration. No matter whether it be the long roll, breathing alarm as it is beaten by startled drummers in the stillness of the night, or the softer beats when the snares are muffled and men march with arms reversed and bowed heads behind the bier of a comrade who has left the ranks forever, the voice of the drum speaks to the heart and thrills it with courage or sorrow.

Every one has at some time in life felt something within him stir in sympathy with the drum. If one has ever heard it in the furious beating of the "rally," when ranks are broken, and regiments are fading away under fire, it is something to remember through life—forever. Perhaps it sets to glowing that spark of heroism or savagery latent in every human breast, and the spark that bursts forth into flame when men grapple hand-to-hand for home and liberty.

What matters it if, as musicians say, its music *is* barbarous—so barbarous that it has but one note? After all, it is the music of the soldier, whether it comes from the metal kettle-drums glittering as they swing in the sun at the head of close columns of helmeted men, or from the tom-tom of savage tepees amidst the cold snows and dark days of Northern winters, or amidst cactus-covered desert sands glowing with the fierce heat of tropic suns. Soldiers

and warriors all, be they red or white, love its fierce alarum, and not one will die the less bravely for the dreams that the drummers and their drums have conjured up.

The glory of the drum is passing away. Of all the regular soldiers to-day, the Marines are the last to keep a drum-corps as their field music.

After a thousand years' service as the most warlike instrument in the armies of Europe and America, the drum must now take a secondary part; and with it will soon go the bay-

onet and the sword, those heroic relics of the days when the ranks of foemen advanced to look into one another's eyes before firing, or waited for the inspiring roll of the drum to urge them to battle.

The drum will soon sound its own requiem. With muffled snares and arms reversed, let us sadly and sorrowfully follow it to the grave, where with bended knee we reverently lay upon it the laurel wreath of fame. The last volley rings out its farewell tribute, and the bugle sounds the soldiers' last "good-night"!



GROWTH.

BY SARAH E. WINSLOW.

I.

Yes, build your dam as high as you can;
You think I'm small, but I'll tell you all
I'll get over it — over just so,
And make your wheel buzz down below.
You can't stop me while water flows;
I may be a river yet — who knows?

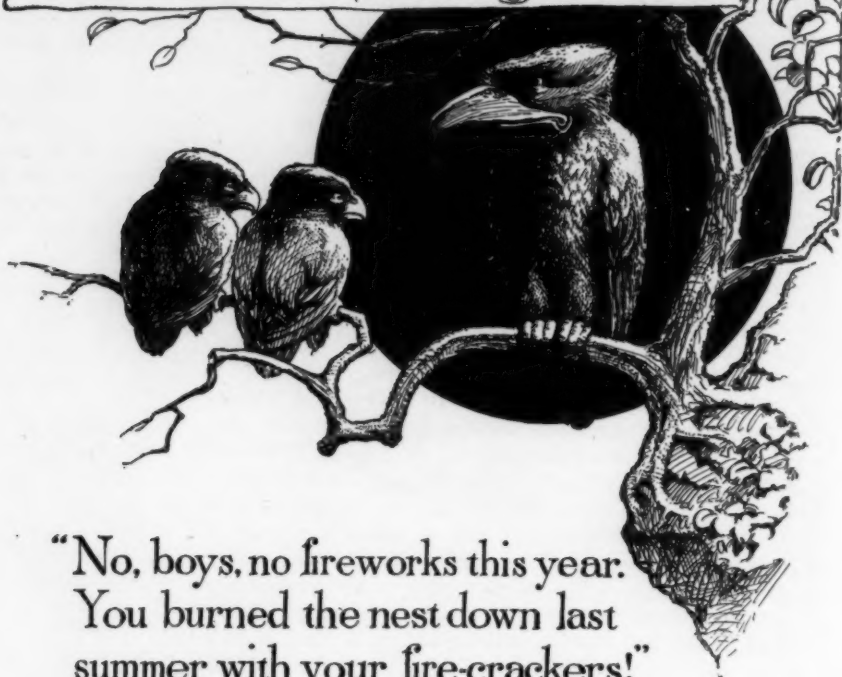
II.

See how the brown mold over me sifts;
Bury me deeper 'neath leaves in drifts;
Forget I'm here, deep out of sight
Where it is dark — as dark as night.
You can't hide me while acorns grow:
I'll be an oak-tree the next you know.

III.

Keep me in dresses and play I'm a girl;
Keep my long hair nicely in curl:
But I'm a boy — doubt that who can?
And some bright day I'll be a man.
The world will know me — that's what I said;
For I've a thinker in my head.

The Fourth in Eagle-ville.



"No, boys, no fireworks this year.
You burned the nest down last
summer with your fire-crackers!"

HOME MEASUREMENTS.

BY NELL KIMBERLY McELHONE.

SISTER measured my grin one day;
Took the ruler and me;
Counted the inches all the way,—
One and two and three.

"Oh, you 're a Cheshire cat," said she.
Father said: "That 's no sin."
Then he nodded and smiled at me—
Smiled at my three-inch grin.

Brother suggested I ought to begin
Trying to trim it down.
Mother said: "Better a three-inch grin
Than a little half-inch frown."

MASTER SKYLARK.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

[*Began in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE QUEEN'S PLAISANCE.

It was a frosty morning when they all marched down to the boats that bumped along Paul's wharf.

The roofs of London were white with frost and rosy with the dawn. In the shadow of the walls the air lay in still pools of smoky blue; and in the east the horizon stretched like a swamp of fire. The winking lights on London Bridge were pale. The bridge itself stood cold and gray, mysterious and dim as the stream below, but here and there along its crest red-hot with a touch of flame from the burning eastern sky. Out of the river, running inland with the tide, came steamy shreds that drifted here and there. Then over the roofs of London town the sun sprang up like a thing of life, and the veil of twilight vanished in bright day with a million sparkles rippling on the stream.

Warm with piping roast and cordial, keen with excitement, and blithe with the sharp, fresh air, the red-cheeked lads skipped and chattered along the landing like a flock of sparrows lit by chance in a land of crumbs.

"Into the wherries, every one!" cried the old precentor. "*Ad unum omnes*, great and small!"

"Into the wherries!" echoed the under-masters.

"Into the wherries, my bullies!" roared old Brueton the boatman, fending off with a rusty hook as red as his bristling beard. "Into the wherries, yarely all, and we'll catch the turn o' the tide! 'T is gone high water now!"

Then away they went, three wherries full, and Master Gyles behind them in a brisk six-penny tilt-boat, resplendent in new ash-col-

ored hose, a cloak of black velvet fringed with gold, and a brand-new periwig curled and frizzed like a brush-heap in a gale of wind.

How they had worked for the last few days! New songs, new dances, new lines to learn; gallant compliments for the Queen, who was as fond of flattery as a girl; new clothes, new slippers and caps to try, and a thousand what-nots more. The school had hummed like a busy mill from morning until night. And now that the grinding was done and they had come at last to their reward,—the hoped-for summons to the court, which had been sought so long in vain,—the boys of St. Paul's bubbled with glee until the under-masters were in a cold sweat for fear their precious charges would pop from the wherries into the Thames, like so many exuberant corks.

They cheered with delight as London Bridge was shot and the boats went flying down the Pool, past Billingsgate and the oystermen, the White Tower and the Traitors' Gate, past the shipping, where brown, foreign-looking faces stared at them above sea-battered bulwarks.

The sun was bright and the wind was keen; the air sparkled, and all the world was full of life. Hammers beat in the builders' yards; wild barges sang hoarsely as they drifted down to the Isle of Dogs; and from slow ships that crept away to catch the wind in the open stream below, with tawny sails drooping and rimmed with frost, they heard the hail of salty mariners.

The tide ran strong, and the steady oars carried them swiftly down. London passed; then solitary hamlets here and there; then dun fields running to the river's edge like thirsty deer.

In Deptford Reach some lords who were coming down by water passed them, racing with a little Dutch boat from Deptford to the turn. Their boats had holly-bushes at their prows and holiday garlands along their sides.

They were all shouting gaily, and the stream was bright with their scarlet cloaks, Lincoln-green jerkins, and gold embroidery. But they were very badly beaten, at which they laughed, and threw the Dutchmen a handful of silver pennies. Thereupon the Dutchmen stood up in their boat and bowed like jointed ninepins; and the lords, not to be outdone, stood up likewise in their boats and bowed very low in return, with their hands upon their breasts. Then everybody on the river laughed, and the boys gave three cheers for the merry lords and three more for the sturdy Dutchmen. The Dutchmen shouted back, "Goot Yule!" and bowed and bowed until their boat turned round and went stern foremost down the stream, so that they were bowing to the opposite bank, where was no one at all. At this everyone laughed again till their sides ached, and cheered them twice as much as they had before.

And while they were cheering and waving their caps, the boatmen rested upon their oars and let the boats swing with the tide, which thereabouts set strong against the shore, and a trumpeter in the Earl of Arundel's barge stood up and blew upon a long horn bound with a banner of blue and gold.

Instantly he had blown, another trumpet answered from the south, and when Nick turned the shore was gay with men in brilliant livery. Beyond was a wood of chestnut-trees as blue and leafless as a grove of spears; and in the plain between the river and the wood stood a great palace of gray stone, with turrets, pinnacles, and battlemented walls, over the topmost tower of which a broad flag whipped the winter wind, blazoned with golden lions and silver lilies square for square. Amid a group of towers large and small a lofty stack poured out a plume of sea-coal smoke against the milky sky, and on the countless windows in the wall the sunlight flashed with dazzling radiance.

There were people on the battlements, and at the port between two towers where the Queen went in and out the press was so thick that men's heads looked like the cobbles in the street.

The shore was stayed with piling and with timbers like a wharf, so that a hundred boats might lie there cheek by jowl and scarcely

rub their paint. The lords made way and the children players came ashore through an aisle of uplifted oars. They were met by the yeomen of the guard, tall, brawny fellows clad in red, with golden roses on their breasts and backs, and were marched up to the postern two and two, with Master Gyles the last of all, as haughty as a Spanish don come courting fair Queen Bess.

A smoking dinner was waiting them, of white-bait with red pepper, and a yellow juice so sour that Nick's mouth drew up in a knot; but it was very good. There were besides silver dishes full of sugared red currants, and heaps of comfits and sweetmeats, which Master Gyles would not allow them even to touch, and saffron cakes with raisins in them, and spiced hot cordial out of tiny silver cups. Bareheaded pages clad in silk and silver lace waited upon them as if they were fledgling kings; but the boys were too hungry to care for that or to try to put on airs, and waded into the meat and drink as if they had been starved for a fortnight.

But when they were done Nick saw that the table off which they had eaten was inlaid with pearl and silver filigree, and that the table-cloth was of silk with woven metal-work and gems set in it worth more than a thousand crowns. He was very glad he had eaten first, for such wonderful service would have taken away his appetite.

And truly a wonderful palace was the Queen's Plaisance, as Greenwich House was called. Elizabeth was born in it, and so loved it most of all. There she pleased oftenest to receive and grant audiences to envoys from foreign courts. And there, on that account, as was always her proud, jealous way, she made a blinding show of glory and of wealth, of science, art, and power, that England, to the eyes which saw her there, might stand in second place to no dominion in the world, however rich or great.

It was a very house of gold.

Over the door where the lads marched in was the Queen's device, a golden rose, with a motto set below in letters of gold, "Dieu et mon droit"; and upon the walls were blazoned coats of noble arms on branching golden trees, of pure gold and finest silk, costly beyond com-

pare. The royal presence-chamber shone with tapestries of gold, of silver, and of oriental silks, of as many shifting colors as the birds of paradise, and wrought in exquisite design. The throne was set with diamonds, with rubies, garnets, and sapphires, glittering like a pastry-crust of stars, and garnished with gold-lace work, pearls, and ornament; and under the velvet canopy which hung above the throne was embroidered in seed-pearls, "Vivat Regina Eliza-

the under side by their feet, like flies upon the ceiling. How they stuck was more than Nick could make out; and where they landed if they chanced to slip and fall, troubled him a deal, until in the sheer multiplication of wonders he could not wonder any more.

When they came to rehearse in the afternoon the stage was hung with stiff, rich silks that had come in costly cedar chests from the looms of old Cathay; and the curtain behind which the

players came and went was brodered with gold thread in flowers and birds like meteors for splendor. The gallery, too, where the musicians sat was draped with silk and damask.

Some of the lads would have made out by their great airs as if this were all a common thing to them; but Nick stared honestly with round eyes, and went about with cautious feet, chary of touching things, and feeling very much out of place and shy.

It was all too grand, too wonderful,—amazing to look upon, no doubt, and good to outface foreign envy with, but not to be endured every day nor lived with comfortably. And as the day went by, each passing mo-



"THEY WERE MET BY THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD, AND WERE MARCHED UP TO THE POSTERN TWO AND TWO."

betha!" There was no door without a gorgeous usher there, no room without a page, no corridor without a guard, no post without a man of noble birth to fill it.

On the walls of the great gallery were masterly paintings of great folk, globes showing all the stars fast in the sky, and drawings of the world and all its parts, so real that one could see the savages in the New World hanging to

ment with new marvels, Nick grew more and more uneasy for some simple little nook where he might just sit down and be quiet for a while, as one could do at home, without fine pages peering at him from the screens, or splendid guards patrolling at his heels wherever he went, or obsequious ushers bowing to the floor at every turn, and asking him what he might be pleased to wish. And by the time night fell

and the attendant came to light them to their beds, he felt like a fly on the rim of a wheel that went so fast he could scarcely get his breath or see what passed him by, yet of which he durst not let go.

The palace was much too much for him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHRISTMAS WITH QUEEN BESS.

CHRISTMAS morning came and went as if on swallow-wings, in a gale of royal merriment. Four hundred sat to dinner that day in Greenwich halls, and all the palace streamed with banners and green garlands.

Within the courtyard two hundred horses neighed and stamped around a water-fountain playing in a bowl of ice and evergreen. Grooms and pages, hostlers and dames, went hurry-scurrying to and fro; cooks, bakers, and scullions steamed about, leaving hot, mouth-watering streaks of fragrance in the air; bluff men-at-arms went whistling here and there; and serving-maids with rosy cheeks ran breathlessly up and down the winding stairways.

The palace stirred like a mighty pot that boils to its utmost verge, for the hour of the revelries was come.

Over the beech-wood and far across the black heath where Jack Cade marshaled the men of Kent, the wind trembled with the boom of the castle bell. Within the walls of the palace its clang was muffled by a sound of voices that rose and fell like the wind upon the sea.

The ambassadors of Venice and of France were there, with their courtly trains. The Lord High Constable of England was come to sit below the Queen. The earls, too, of Southampton, Montgomery, Pembroke, and Huntingdon were there; and William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, the Queen's High Treasurer, to smooth his care-lined forehead with a Yuletide jest.

Up from the entry ports came shouts of "Room—room! room for my Lord Strange! Room for the Duke of Devonshire!" and about the outer gates there was a tumult like the cheering of a great crowd.

The palace corridors were lined with guards. Gentlemen pensioners under arms went flash-

ing to and fro. Now and then through the inner throng some handsome page with wind-blown hair and rainbow-coloured cloak pushed to the great door, calling: "Way, sirs, way for my Lord!—way for my Lady of Alderstone!" and one by one, or in blithe groups, the courtiers, clad in silks and satins, velvets, jewels, and lace of gold, came up through the lofty folding-doors to their places in the hall.

There, where the Usher of the Black Rod stood, and the gentlemen of the chamber came and went with golden chains about their necks, was bowing and scraping without stint, and reverent civility; for men that were wise and noble were passing by, men that were handsome and brave; and ladies sweet as a summer day, and as fair to see as spring, laughed by their sides and chatted behind their fans, or daintily nibbled comfits, lacking anything to say.

The windows were all curtained in, making a night-time in midday; and from the walls and galleries flaring links and great bouquets of candles threw an eddying flood of yellow light across the stirring scene. From clump to clump of banner-staves and burnished arms, spiked above the wainscot, garlands of red-berried holly, spruce, and mistletoe were twined across the tapestry, till all the room was bound about with a chain of living green.

There were sweet odors floating through the air, and hazy threads of fragrant smoke from perfumes burning in rich braziers; and under foot was the crisp, clean rustle of new rushes.

From time to time, above the hum of voices, came the sound of music from a room beyond—cornets and flutes, fifes, lutes, and harps, with an organ exquisitely played, and voices singing to it; and from behind the players' curtain, swaying slowly on its rings at the back of the stage, came a murmur of whispering childish voices, now high in eager questioning, now low, rehearsing some doubtful fragment of a song.

Behind the curtain it was dark—not total darkness, but twilight; for a dull glow came down overhead from the lights in the hall without, and faint yellow bars went up and down the dusk from crevices in the screen. The boys stood here and there in nervous groups. Now



"'MASTER SKYLARK, THOU SHALT HAVE THY WISH,' SAID QUEEN ELIZABETH."

and then a sharp complaint was heard from the tirewoman when an impatient lad would not stand still to be dressed.

Master Gyles went to and fro, twisting the manuscript of the Revel in his hands, or pausing kindly to pat some faltering lad upon the back. Nick and Colley were peeping by turns through a hole in the screen at the throng in the audience-chamber.

They could see a confusion of fans, jewels, and faces, and now and again could hear a burst of subdued laughter over the steadily increasing buzz of voices. Then from the gallery above, all at once there came a murmur of instruments tuning together; a voice in the corridor was heard calling, "Way here, way here!" in masterful tones; the tall folding-doors at the side of the hall swung wide, and eight dapper pages in white and gold came in with the Master of Revels. After them came fifty ladies and noblemen clad in white and gold, and a guard of gentlemen pensioners with glittering halberds.

There was a sharp rustle. Every head in the audience-chamber louted low. Nick's heart gave a jump — for the Queen was there!

She came with an air that was at once serious and royal, bearing herself haughtily, yet with a certain grace and sprightliness that became her very well. She was quite tall and well made, and her quickly changing face was long and fair, though wrinkled and no longer young. Her complexion was clear and of an olive hue; her nose was a little hooked; her firm lips were thin; and her small black eyes, though keen and bright, were pleasant and merry withal. Her hair was a coppery, tawny red, and false, moreover. In her ears hung two great pearls; and there was a fine small crown studded with diamonds upon her head, besides a necklace of exceeding fine gold and jewels about her neck. She was attired in a white silk gown bordered with pearls the size of beans, and over it wore a mantle of black silk, cunningly shot with silver threads. Her ruff was vast, her farthingale vaster; and her train, which was very long, was borne by a marchioness who made more ado about it than Elizabeth did of ruling her realm.

"The Queen!" gasped Colley.

"Dost think I did na know it?" answered Nick, his heart beginning to beat tattoo as he stared through the peep-hole in the screen.

He saw the great folk bowing like a gardenful of flowers in a storm, and in their midst Elizabeth erect, speaking to those about her in a lively and good-humoured way, and addressing all the foreigners according to their tongue — in French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch; but hers was funny Dutch, and while she spoke she smiled and made a joke upon it in Latin, at which they all laughed heartily, whether they understood what it meant or not. Then, with her ladies in waiting, she passed to a dais near the stage, and stood a moment, stately, fair, and proud, while all her nobles made obeisance, then sat and gave a signal for the players to begin.

"Rafe Fullerton!" the prompter whispered shrilly; and out from behind the screen slipped Rafe, the smallest of them all, and down the stage to speak the foreword of the piece. He was frightened, and his voice shook as he spoke, but every one was smiling, so he took new heart.

"It is a Masque of Summer-time and Spring," said he, "wherein both claim to be best-loved, and have their say of wit and humour, and each her part of songs and dances suited to her time, the sprightly galliard and the nimble jig for Spring, the slow pavone — the stately peacock dance, for Summer-time. And win who may, fair Summer-time or merry Spring, the winner is but that beside our Queen!" — with which he snapped his fingers in the faces of them all — "God save Queen Bess!"

At that the Queen's eyes twinkled, and she nodded, highly pleased, so that every one clapped mightily.

The play soon ran its course amid great laughter and applause. Spring won. The English ever loved her best, and the quick-paced galliard took their fancy, too. "Up and be doing!" was its tune, and it gave one a chance to cut fine capers with his heels.

Then the stage stood empty and the music stopped.

At this strange end a whisper of surprise ran through the hall. The Queen tapped with the inner side of her rings upon the broad arm of

her chair. From the look on her face, she was whetting her tongue. But before she could speak, Nick and Colley, dressed as a farmer boy and girl, with a garland of house-grown flowers about them, came down the stage from the ar-ras, hand in hand, bowing.

The audience-chamber grew very still — *this* was something new. Nick felt a swallowing in his throat, and Colley's hand winced in his grip. There was no sound but a silky rustling in the room.

Then suddenly the boys behind the players' curtain laughed together, not loud, but such a jolly little laugh that all the people smiled to hear it. After the laughter came a hush.

Then the pipes overhead made a merry sound as of shepherds piping on oaten straws in new grass where there are daisies; and there was a little elfish laughter of clarionets, and a fluttering among the cool flutes like spring wind blowing through crisp young leaves in April. The harps began to pulse and throb with a soft cadence like raindrops falling into a clear pool where brown leaves lie upon the bottom and bubbles float above green stones and smooth white pebbles. Nick lifted up his head and sang.

It was a happy little song of the coming and the triumph of the spring. The words were all forgotten long ago. They were not much: enough to serve the turn, no more; but the notes to which they went were like barn-swallows twittering under the eaves, goldfinches clinking in purple weeds beside old roads, and robins singing in common gardens at dawn. And wherever Nick's voice ran, Colley's followed, the pipes laughing after them a note or two below; while the flutes kept gurgling softly to themselves as a hill brook gurgles through the woods, and the harps ran gently up and down like rain among the daffodils. One voice called, the other answered; there were echo-like refrains; and as they sang Nick's heart grew full. He cared not a stiver for the crowd, the golden palace, or the great folk there — the Queen no more — he only listened for Colley's voice coming up lovingly after his own and running away when he followed it down, like a lad and a lass through the bloom of the May. And Colley was singing as if his heart would

leap out of his round mouth for joy to follow after the song they sung, till they came to the end and the skylark's song.

There Colley ceased, and Nick went singing on alone, forgetting, caring for, heeding naught but the song that was in his throat.

The Queen's fan dropped from her hand upon the floor. No one saw it or picked it up. The Venetian ambassador scarcely breathed.

Nick came down the stage, his hands before him, lifted as if he saw the very lark he followed with his song, up, up, up into the sun. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes were wet, though his voice was a song and a laugh in one.

Then they were gone behind the curtain, into the shadow and the twilight there, Colley with his arms about Nick's neck, not quite laughing, not quite sobbing. The manuscript of the Revel lay torn in two upon the floor, and Master Gyles had a foot upon each piece.

In the hall beyond the curtain was a silence that was deeper than a hush, a stillness rising from the hearts of men.

Then Elizabeth turned in the chair where she sat. Her eyes were as bright as a blaze. And out of the sides of her eyes she looked at the Venetian ambassador. He was sitting far out on the edge of his chair, and his lips had fallen apart. She laughed to herself. "It is a good song, signor," said she, and those about her started at the sound of her voice. "*Chi tace confessa* — it is so! There are no songs like English songs — there is no spring like an English spring — there is no land like England, *my* England!" She clapped her hands. "I will speak with those lads," said she.

Straightway certain pages ran through the press and came behind the curtain where Nick and Colley stood together, still trembling with the music not yet gone out of them, and brought them through the hall to where the Queen sat, every one whispering, "Look!" as they passed.

On the dais they knelt together, bowing, side by side. Elizabeth, with a kindly smile, leaning a little forward, raised them with her slender hand. "Stand, dear lads," said she heartily. "Be lifted up by thine own singing, as our hearts have been uplifted by thy song.

And name me the price of that same song — 't was sweeter than the sweetest song we ever heard before."

"Or ever shall hear again," said the Venetian ambassador under his breath, rubbing his forehead as if just wakening out of a dream.

"Come," said Elizabeth, tapping Colley's cheek with her fan, "what wilt thou have of me, fair maid?"

Colley turned red, then very pale. "That I may stay in the palace forever and sing for your Majesty," said he. His fingers shivered in Nick's.

"Now that is right prettily asked," she cried, and was well pleased. "Thou shalt indeed stay for a singing page in our household—a voice and a face like thine are merry things upon a rainy Monday. And thou, Master Lark," said she, fanning the hair back from Nick's forehead with her perfumed fan—"thou that comest up out of the field with a song like the angels sing—what wilt thou have: that thou mayst sing in our choir and play on the lute for us?"

Nick looked up at the torches on the wall, drawing a deep, long breath. When he looked down again his eyes were dazzled and he could not see the Queen.

"What wilt thou have?" he heard her ask.

"Let me go home," said he.

There were red and green spots in the air. He tried to count them, since he could see nothing else, and everything was very still; but they all ran into one purple spot which came and went like a firefly's glow, and in the middle of the purple spot he saw the Queen's face coming and going.

"Surely, boy, that is an ill-considered speech," said she, "or thou dost deem us very poor, or most exceeding stingy!" Nick hung his head, for the walls seemed tapestried with staring eyes. "Or else this home of thine must be a very famous place."

The maids of honor tittered. Further off somebody laughed. Nick looked up, and squared his shoulders.

They had rubbed the cat the wrong way.

It is hard to be a stranger in a palace, young, country-bred, and laughed at all at once; but down in Nick Attwood's heart was a stubborn streak that all the flattery on earth could not

cajole nor ridicule efface. He might be simple, shy, and slow, but what he loved he loved: that much he knew; and when they laughed at him for loving home they seemed to mock not him, but home—and *that* touched the fighting-spot.

"I would rather be there than here," said he. The Queen's face flushed.

"Thou art more curt than courteous," said she. "Is it not good enough for thee here?" "I could na live in such a place."

The Queen's eyes snapped. "In such a place? Marry, art thou so choice? These others find no fault with the life."

"Then they be born to it," said Nick, "or they could abide no more than I—they would na fit."

"Haw, haw!" said the Lord High Constable.

The Queen shot one quick glance at him. "Old pegs have been made to fit new holes before to-day," said she; "and the trick can be done again." The Constable smothered the rest of that laugh in his hand. "But come, boy, speak up; what hath put thee so out of conceit with our best-beloved palace?"

"There is na one thing likes me here. I can na bide in a place so fine, for there's not so much as a corner in it feels like home. I could na sleep in the bed last night."

"What! How? We commanded good beds!" exclaimed Elizabeth angrily, for the Venetian ambassador was smiling in his beard. "This shall be seen to."

"Oh, it *was* a good bed—a very good bed indeed, your Majesty!" cried Nick. "But the mattress puffed up like a cloud in a bag, and almost smothered me; and it was so soft and so hot that it gave me a fever."

Elizabeth leaned back in her chair and laughed. The Lord High Constable hastily finished the laugh that he had hidden in his hand. Everybody laughed. "Upon my word," said the Queen, "it is an odd skylark cannot sleep in feathers! What didst thou do, forsooth?"

"I slept in the coverlid on the floor," said Nick. "It was na hurt,—I dusted the place well,—and I slept like a top."

"Now verily," laughed Elizabeth, "if it be

floors that thou dost desire, we have acres to spare—thou shalt have thy pick of the lot. Come, we are ill used to begging people to be favored—thou 'lt stay?"

Nick shook his head.

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed the Queen, "it is a queer fancy makes a face at such a pleasant dwelling! What is it sticks in thy throat?"

Nick stood silent. What was there to say? If he came here he never would see Stratford town again; and *this* was no abiding-place for him.

They would not even let him go to the fountain himself to draw water with which to

hangs ripening on thy tongue. Consider well. Come, thou wilt accept?"

Nick slowly shook his head.

"Go then, if thou wilt go!" said she; and as she spoke she shrugged her shoulders, ill pleased, and turning toward Colley, took him by the hand and drew him closer to her, smiling at his guise. "Thy comrade hath more wit."

"He hath no mother," Nick said quietly, loosing his hold at last on Colley's hand. "I would rather have my mother than his wit."

Elizabeth turned sharply back. Her keen eyes were sparkling, yet soft.

"Thou art no fool," said she.

A little murmur ran through the room.

She sat a moment, silent, studying his face.

"Or if thou art, upon my word I like the breed.

It is a stubborn, forward dog; but Hold-fast

is his name. Ay, sirs," she said, and sat up very

straight, looking into the faces of her court, "Brag

is a good dog, but Hold-fast is better. A lad

who so loves his mother makes a man who loveth

his native land—and it is

no bad streak in the blood. Master Skylark, thou shalt have thy

wish; to London thou shalt go this very night."

"I do na live in London," Nick began.

"What matters the place?" said she. "Live wheresoever thine heart doth please. It is enough—so. Thou mayst kiss our hand."

She held out her hand, bright with jewels.

He knelt and kissed it as if it were all a doing in a dream, or in some unlikely story he had read. But a long while after he could smell the perfume from her slender fingers on his lips.

Then a page standing by him touched his arm as he arose, and bowing backward from the throne, came with him to the curtain and the rest. Old Master Gyles was standing there



"SO NICK RODE HOME UPON THE BACK OF THE EARL OF ARUNDEL'S MAN-AT-ARMS."

wash, but fetched it, three at a time, in a

silver ewer and a copper basin, with towels and a flask of perfume.

Elizabeth was tapping with her fan. "Thou art bedazzled like," she said. "Think twice—preferment does not gooseberry on the hedge-row every day; and this is a rare chance which

apart. It was too dark to see his face, but he laid his hand upon Nick's head.

"Thy cake is burned to a coal," said he.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BACK TO GASTON CAREW.

So they marched back out of the palace gates, down to the landing-place, the last red sunlight gleaming on the basinet of the tall halberdiers who marched on either side.

Nick looked out toward London, where the river lay like a serpent, bristling with masts; and beyond the river and the town to the forests of Epping and Hainault; and beyond the forests to the hills, where the waning day still lingered in a mist of frosty blue. At their back, midway of the Queen's park, stood up the old square tower Mirefleur, and on its top, one yellow light like the flame of a gigantic candle. The day seemed builded of memories strange and untrue.

A belated gull flapped by them heavily, and the red sun went down. England was growing lonely. A great barge laden with straw came out of the dusk, and was gone without a sound, its ghostly sail drawing in a wind that the wherry sat too low to feel. Nick held his breath as the barge went by: it was unreal, fantastical.

Then the river dropped between its banks, and the woods and the hills were gone. The tide ran heavily against the shore, and the wake of the wherry broke the floating stars into cold white streaks and zigzag ripples of raveled light that ran unsteadily after them. The craft at anchor in the Pool had swung about upon the flow, and pointed down to Greenwich. A hush had fallen upon the never-ending bustle of the town; the air was full of a gray, uncanny afterglow which seemed to come up out of the water, for the sky was grown quite dark.

They were all wrapped in their boat-cloaks, tired and silent. Now and then Nick dipped his fingers into the cold water over the gunwale.

This was the end of the glory.

He wished the boat would go a little faster. Yet when they came to the landing he was sorry.

The man-at-arms who went with him to

Master Carew's house was one of the Earl of Arundel's men, in a stiff-wadded jacket of heron-blue, with the earl's colors richly worked upon its back, and his badge upon the sleeves. Prowlers gave way before him in the streets, for he was broad and tall and mighty, and the fear of any man was not in the look of his eye.

As they came up the slow hill, Nick sighed, for the long-legged man-at-arms walked fast. "What there!" said he, and clapped Nick on the shoulder with his bony hand; "art far spent, lad? Why, marry, get thee upon my back. I'll jog thee home in the shake of a black sheep's tail."

So Nick rode home upon the back of the Earl of Arundel's man-at-arms; and that, too, seemed a dream like all the rest.

When they came to Master Carew's house the street was dark, and Nick's foot was asleep. He stamped it, tingling, upon the step, and the empty passage echoed with the sound. Then the earl's man beat the door with the pommel of his dagger-hilt, and stood with his hands upon his hips, carelessly whistling a little tune.

Nick heard a sound of some one coming through the hall, and felt that at last the day was done. A tired wonder awakened in his heart at how so much had come to pass in such a little while; yet more he wondered why it had ever come to pass at all. And what was the worth of it, anyway, now it was done.

Then the door opened, and he went in.

Master Gaston Carew himself had come to the door, walking quickly through the hallway, with a queer, nervous twitching in his face. But when he made out through the dusk that it was Nick, he seemed in no wise moved, and said quite simply, as he gave the man-at-arms a penny: "Oh, is it thou? Why, we have heard somewhat of thee; and upon my word, I thought, since thou wert grown so great, thou wouldst come home in a coach-and-four, all blowing horns!"

Nevertheless he drew Nick quickly in, and kissed him thrice; and after he had kissed him kept fast hold of his hand until they came together through the hall into the great room where Cicely was sitting quite dismally in the chimney-seat alone.

"There, Nick," said he; "tell her thyself

that thou hast come back. She thought she had lost thee for good and all, and hath sung, 'Hey ho, my heart is full of woe!' the whole twilight, and would not be comforted. Come, Cicely, doff thy doleful willow—the proverb lies. 'Out of sight, out of mind'—fudge! the boy's come back again! A plague take provverbs, anyway!"

But when the children were both long since abed, and all the house was still save for the scamper of rats in the wall, the heavy door of Nick's room opened stealthily, with a little grating upon the uneven sill, and Master Carew stood there, peeping in, his hand upon the bolt outside. He held a rush-light in the other. Its glimmer fell across the bed upon Nick's tousled hair; and when the master-player saw the boy's head upon the pillow he started eagerly, with brightening eyes. "My soul!" he whispered to himself, a little quaver in his tone, "I would have sworn my own wish lied to me, and that he had not come at all! It cannot be—yet, verily, I am not blind. *Ma foi!* it passeth understanding—a freed skylark come back to its cage! I thought we had lost him forever."

Nick stirred in his sleep. Carew set the light on the floor. "Thou fool!" said he, and he fumbled at his pouch; "thou dear-belovéd little fool! To catch the skirts of glory in thine hand, and tread the heels of happy chance, and yet come back again to ill-starred twilight—and to me! Ai, lad, I would thou wert my son—mine own, own son; yet Heaven forbid thee father such as I! For, Nick, I love thee. Yet thou dost hate me like a poison thing. And still I love thee, on my word, and on the remnant of mine honour!" His voice was husky. "Let thee go?—send thee back?—eat my sweet and have it too?—how? Nay, nay; thy happy cake would be my dough—it will not serve." He shook his head, and looked about to see that all was fast. "Yet, Nick, I say I love thee, on my soul!"

Slipping to the bedside with stealthy step, he laid a fat little Banbury cheese and some brown sweet cakes beside Nick's pillow; then came out hurriedly and barred the door.

The fire in the great hall had gone out, and the room was growing cold. The table stood

by the chimney-side, where supper had been laid. Carew brought a napkin from the linen-chest, and spread it upon the board. Then he went to the server's screen and looked behind it, and tried the latches of the doors; and having thus made sure that all was safe, came back to the table again, and setting the rush-light there, turned the contents of his purse into the napkin.

There were both gold and silver. The silver he put back into the purse again; the gold he counted carefully; and as he counted, laying the pieces one by one in little heaps upon the cloth, he muttered under his breath, like a small boy adding up his sums in school, saying over and over again, "One for me, and one for thee, and two for Cicely Carew. One for me, and one for thee, and two for Cicely Carew"; and told the coins off in keeping with the count, so that the last pile was as large as both the others put together. Then slowly ending, "None for me, and one for thee, and two for Cicely Carew," he laid the last three nobles with the rest.

Then he arose and stood a moment listening to the silence in the house. An old he rat that was gnawing a rind on the hearth looked up, and ran a little nearer to his hole. "Tsst! come back," said Carew; "I'm no cat!" and from the sliding panel in the wall he took out a buckskin bag tied like a meal-sack with a string.

As he slipped the knot the throat of the bag sagged down, and a gold piece jangled on the floor. Carew started as if all his nerves had leaped within him at the unexpected sound, and closed the panel like a flash. Then, setting his foot upon the fallen coin, he stopped its spinning, and with one hand on his poniard, peering right and left, he blew the candle out.

A little while he stood and listened in the dark; a little while his feet went to and fro in the darkness. The wind cried in the chimney. Now and then the casements shivered. The timbers in the wall creaked with the cold, and the boards in the stairway cracked. Then the old he rat came back to his rind, and his mate came out of the crack in the wall, working her whiskers hungrily and snuffing the smell of the candle-drip; for there was no sound, and the coast of rat-land was clear.

(To be continued.)

AUNT PORTIA
AND THE BOYS
BY Mary A Gillette.



"Now listen," said Aunt Portia;
"When Fourth of July comes,
Can such a noise of trumpets,
Of cannon, bells, and drums,
Be in this age of culture
The very wisest way —"

"Why!" cried the boys,
"Without a noise
What 's Independence Day?"

"Dear boys," rejoined Aunt Portia,
 "I doubt if such a waste
 Of powder and of money
 Is in the best of taste.
 The bells might ring, the band might play,
 But not a single gun—"

"Fourth o' July,"
 Dismayed they cry,
 "Without a bit of fun!"

"But crackers and torpedoes—
 Those shocking things," said she;
 "'T is time they were discarded.
 Some new device might be
 Discovered or invented.
 Now, don't you think so, boys?"

"Why, something new,"
 They said, "might do,
 If it would *make more noise.*"



THE SPRITE OF THE HILLTOP.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

WHEN noons are hot and very still,
 It 's ho for the sprite that lives on the hill!
 Stealing along from nook to nook,
 Over the stones in the mountain brook,
 Along the path where the cattle go,
 On shyest ways that the hill-folk know;
 Through sunny open and leafy alley—
 Down he hies him into the valley.
 Then the thistle-wheel round and round
 Goes rolling and rolling without a sound,
 And a silver shimmer runs over the pond,
 And he runs after, and, on beyond,
 Swings the wild cherries asleep by the wall,

Ruffs the fur of a squirrel, and that is all.
 A whiff of sweet from the wood or the meadow!
 He is here again on the back of a shadow,
 And it 's crinkle on crinkle along the track
 His quick feet make on the shadow's back.
 Off he jumps, and, whisking up,
 Spills sunshine out of a buttercup,
 And yellow bugs, all shiny and lazy,
 Tumbles headlong off the daisy.
 He tickles the rib of a fat old toad;
 He smothers the mulleins with smoke of the road.
 The fun 's just beginning—still! all still!
 The sprite has gone home to the top of the hill.

THE CHESAPEAKE MILL.

BY WILLIAM ABBATT.

If there is a naval fight in our history about which every school-boy ought to know,—to use an expression of which historians are rather fond,—it is the sea-fight between our man-of-war "Chesapeake" and the British "Shannon," off Boston harbor, on the first of June, 1813. It has been so often told that I will not tell it over again except in the briefest way. The Chesapeake was captured, chiefly or altogether through the mutinous conduct of part of her crew, who refused to work the cannon on her lower deck at all. Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow were killed, or, to be exact, the captain died of his wounds four days after the loss of his ship, and the Shannon took her prize into the harbor of Halifax, where her arrival caused the greatest rejoicing.

The dying words of Lawrence, as he was carried from the deck, "Don't give up the ship!" have been familiar to our boys and girls for more than eighty years. It is these words that make the combat most memorable. They are a good motto in every trouble of life. Don't give up the ship—don't despair, lose heart, surrender, but take courage, and, like General Grant, "Fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

With the Chesapeake's entrance into Halifax harbor all trace of her disappears from our smaller histories. Some years after the war of 1812 was over, the English naval authorities decided that the Shannon was useless, and had her broken up. I think, if they had realized how much romance was in after years to attach to the story of the fight, they might have kept the old ship in repair, as Admiral Nelson's old "Victory" has been preserved. The Chesapeake was sent to England, where she must have been an object of great interest; but in 1820 she, too, was taken to pieces. This was

probably done in the harbor of Southampton, for her timbers were sold to one John Prior, the owner of a flour-mill in the little town of Wickham, near Southampton. He pulled down his mill, and used the great beams of the American frigate in building a new one. The great deck-timbers, thirty-two feet long and eighteen inches square, served for floor-beams in the mill, and the smaller ones for uprights, all without being cut or altered in any way. Of course many of them were full of the shot fired by the Shannon in the fight, and the shot are there still.

When I learned of the strange end of the old ship, the story of which I had read as a boy with no less interest, I hope, than do the boys of to-day, I determined to secure a picture of the mill built of her timbers,—and here it is.

It is not so impressive as some other pictures in the world, for the mill is not very large. Several like it could be put inside any one of the great mills at Minneapolis, and still leave plenty of room for work; but then, it is the *Chesapeake Mill* (that is the name it has always gone by), and, so far as I know, this is the only picture of it ever made, and certainly the only one in America. I wanted especially a photograph of the interior, but the photographer declared the place was so dark, and so full of machinery, that it was impossible to take a satisfactory picture. I think a Yankee with a kodak, however, would try it, and I hope one will before long. As you see, the building is a squat, brick affair, without a sign of beauty about it; but it will always be of interest to patriotic Americans.

Many years ago, a life of Captain Broke, the commander of the Shannon during the action, was published in England, and from it we may make an extract describing the mill:

Nothing ship-like or of the sea was to be seen from the outside [of the mill]. A large cigar-box made of the polished pine of the ship, and bearing the word "Chesapeake" in brass nails, stood upon a table. The beams were marked in many places by grape-shot. The mill was merrily going, but as I stood there I remembered that on one of those planks Captain Lawrence fell, mortally wounded, Captain Brooke almost so, and the first lieutenant of the Shannon and the third of the Chesapeake died. Thus pondering, I stood, and still the busy hum of the peaceful mill went on.

The cigar-box spoken of has disappeared, and the present owner of the mill knows nothing of its whereabouts. The old mill is likely to stand for

many years, the only visible reminder of the great sea-fight of 1813, except the tomb of the gallant Captain Lawrence in Trinity Church-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

THE CHESAPEAKE MILL.

yard, New York, on which are deeply cut a brief story of the battle, and the young captain's immortal words, "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!"

WHEN WE GO FISHING.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

WHEN we go fishing in the brook,

Joey and Cicely and I,

A crooked pin 's our only hook.

That catches 'em! Sometimes we tie

The string tight to a willow limb

Just where the biggest minnows swim.

Then we lie down there in the shade,

And watch our bobs that tip and float;

And once a bridge of rocks we made,

And built a castle and a moat;

But just as sure as we begin,

Why, Joey goes and tumbles in.

Then all the frightened fish they hide

Beneath the rocks and in the pool.

There 's not a minnow to be spied!

The water settles clear and cool

With bubbles 'tween the rocks, and foam;

But then we must take Joey home.

Of course he cries at mama's look.

She says: "Is this the only fish

That you can catch in Silver Brook?"

She knows, though, we 'd get all she 'd wish,

With just our string and pail and pin—

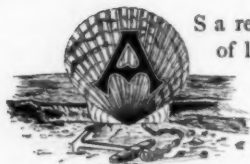
If Joey would n't tumble in!



FROM THE ISLAND OF CEYLON TO THE DRY TORTUGAS.

By H. D. SMITH,

Captain in the United States Revenue Cutter Service.



AS a relief from the routine of life on shipboard, the writer has often rambled over miles of wild sea beach and stretches of smooth, shifting sand. There is great pleasure in listening to the deep-toned breakers, and in watching the ever-changing tints of the opaline waters. The solitude is unbroken save by the deep breathing or pulsations of old Ocean and an occasional complaining note from some sea-fowl. During such rambles an interest in shells began. The many bright-colored treasures along the beach must arouse in the hearts of the most indifferent at least a recognition of their beautiful shapes and wonderful colors.

The result of my study of shells has been a collection of shells representing many parts of the globe, and the sight of some of the shells recalls a day of adventure, or such a little "yarn" as is always relished by the youthful listener.

Of course my interest in shells has led me to study the science of shells—conchology—and to notice interesting items upon the subject wherever met with.

The researches of the famous English cruiser "Challenger" revealed many secrets held long

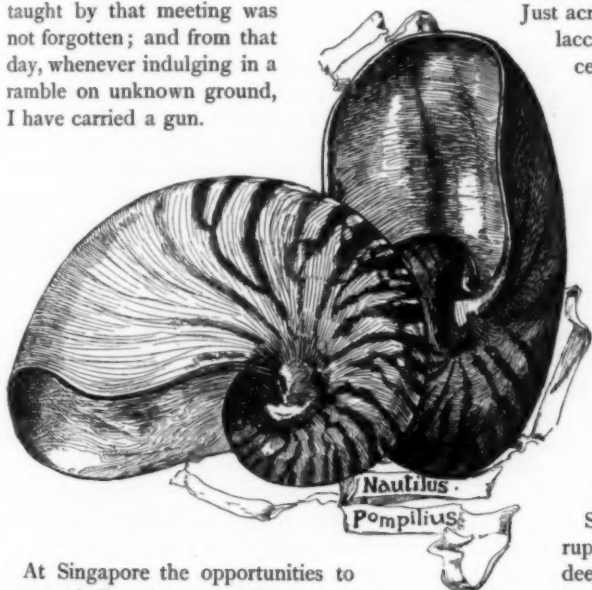
concealed by old Ocean; and while exploring the bed of the Atlantic for the pathway of the cable, shelled animals were obtained at a depth of 1900 fathoms, or about two miles, and specimens have been secured in 2425 fathoms, or nearly three miles.

Probably the finest shells known come from the isles of the South Seas, cast up on the sloping beaches of these ever green emeralds of the ocean by the breakers of the mighty Pacific. At Cebu, in the Philippine Islands, the writer has found some of the rarest shells in his collection, and has bought shell cups and spoons made from the univalve shells. When they are cut, cleaned, and polished the interior shows a vivid orange tint mingled with a pearly coating.

Strewn along the beaches of numerous South Pacific islets, all but unknown to the average navigator, is found the Pearly Nautilus, supposed by seamen to be furnished with a membrane which serves as a sail. There are four species to be seen living. Here too the beautiful Natica, a species of marine gastropod, with its glassy shell regularly streaked with yellow bars, is found in its sandy hiding-place. Here also is the beautifully polished and tinted Oliva. Fine specimens of mother-of-pearl may be found, and a perfect kaleidoscope of intermingling color greets the eye at every step.

On one of the countless islands of the South Pacific, while gathering shells, not noticing that the sun had nearly set and deep shadows were creeping out from the banana and cocoa palms, I heard an unusual commotion among a combined party of monkeys and parrots that were in a beautiful fan-palm whose branches reached to within a few feet of the feathery, tumbling surf. The search for shells would have led directly under the rustling foliage, and but for the noise made by the birds and monkeys this story about shells would probably never have been written.

Coiled amid the thick leaves and vines was a big snake, I think a boa-constrictor, whose flashing eyes and great jaws came into view as I cautiously advanced. One glance was sufficient. I had no weapons, and I made a retreat to the little boat on the beach. The island was left in a hurry, and the rapidly growing darkness, coming at once after the tropical sunset, effectually shut out all objects from view. But the lesson taught by that meeting was not forgotten; and from that day, whenever indulging in a ramble on unknown ground, I have carried a gun.



At Singapore the opportunities to secure shells of great variety in colors, forms, and sizes are not surpassed at any point in India. Here may be found specimens from all parts of the Malayan Archipelago, the coasts of Siam, Burma, Ceylon, and China. Mother-

of-pearl comes here almost entirely from Borneo and the Southwestern Archipelago. The minute flash shells of Ceylon, scarcely larger than a grain of sand, but as perfectly formed as



the nautilus or spider-shell, are obtained here, and are considered curiosities. They are of all shapes and forms, resembling baskets, stars, and diamonds, but none is to be found larger than a pin's head.

Just across the famous old Straits of Malacca is the sultanate of Johore. Receiving permission to view the little Malay country, the writer, assisted by two trained and armed shikarries, improved the opportunity to secure some shells. Engaging the shikarries was a wise precaution, as the shell district at one point borders on the confines of a dense jungle where tigers were known to lurk.

There were many beautiful specimens of tree-shells as well as of "green snail," a strictly land species of short, spiral form, in color a pale, green-lemon tint, suffused with yellow. Suddenly my labors were interrupted by the elder shikarry, whose deep guttural exclamation and eyes flashing with excitement attracted

my attention.

"Hist, sahib!—be wary," he whispered. "Look, there is Kya! Kya!" (Tiger).

I must confess this startling piece of news

was more than I had really expected when I left the spacious bungalow of the Sultan. Moving back a pace or two beyond the shadow of the thickly interlaced underbrush, I took from the shikarry's hand the heavy rifle he always carried.

The next instant out stalked a tiger, who came clear of the shrubbery, swaggering along with the peculiar gait of a tiger when he is on the prowl. The raising of the cumbersome

glanced along the sights, and with the report a low, menacing growl issued from the muscular throat, as with a mighty bound the powerful brute disappeared within the depths of the dark, drowsy jungle. I had missed him in the hurry and excitement of a first shot, and, somewhat abashed, shell-hunting was abandoned for that day. The shikarryes probably had a quiet laugh at my expense, but of course they were too well trained to exhibit the slightest trace of levity in presence of their master's guest.

Pearl-shells are valuable, and fine specimens are hard to obtain. They are found in the Treamotee, Gambier, and Trihual groups of islands. The choicest come from Macassar; these are the white-edged shells, worth \$800 a ton, and from these the finest pearl buttons are manufactured.

The most celebrated pearl-fisheries lie near the coast of Ceylon, the Persian Gulf, and in the waters of Java and Sumatra. The Australian coast in the neighborhood of Shank's Bay and at Roebuck Bay furnishes some very large shells, some of them weighing from two to three pounds each. The fisheries of Baja, Gulf of California, are very rich, France controlling the gems procured there. The meat of the pearl-oyster is readily bought by the Chinamen, who dry the leathery little bivalves or seal them up in cans and ship them to their countrymen in San Francisco. The pearl-shells readily sell upon the spot at from \$1.50 to \$5 per pound.

Pearls and tears have for ages been associated, and the magic virtues of the pearl were held in high esteem in early times, as they are to-day with the East Indians.

It is said that Queen Margaret Tudor, consort of James IV. of Scotland, previous to the battle of Flodden Field had many presentiments of the disastrous issue of that conflict, owing to a dream she had three nights in succession, that jewels and sparkling coronets were suddenly turned into pearls—which the superstitious believed were a sign of coming widowhood and of tears.



weapon to my shoulder brought the brute to a standstill. His big blazing eyeballs held me in a fixed stare which seemed to agitate every nerve in my body. The tail of the tiger switched nervously from side to side, while one huge paw remained uplifted, as if he was undecided just what action to take. Not a muscle in the natives quivered; motionless as statues, they stood in the rear, their spotless turbans gleaming in the flood of sunshine, leaving all to the superior prowess of the white man. Hastily my eye

Pearls are of various colors, and in India the red pearls were highly prized by the Buddhists, who used them in adorning their temples. Pearls are formed to protect the shell-fish. They are due to a secretion of shelly substance around some irritating particle, and their composition is the same as that of mother-of-pearl.

From the bright-tinted islands of the vast Pacific, the spice-laden breezes and deep-hued waters of Ceylon, the rich, glowing hills of Borneo and Sumatra, we will turn to the low-lying shores and sand-girt keys of the Gulf of Mexico.

Though lacking the gorgeous tropical surroundings and picturesque scenery of the Orient, the shimmering, sandy surfaces, scarcely peeping above the foam-capped billows, have been found rich in brightly tinted and peculiarly shaped shells. The scene, too, along the Gulf Coast is by no means devoid of beauty and novelty.

At Hurricane Island, the entrance to St. Andrew's Sound on the west coast of Florida, a few pretty-colored Ark, Cockle, Drill, and Naiad shells have been secured. Here also is found the exquisitely polished Oliva shell, varying from a light drab to a deep, rich mot-

and is rapidly disappearing before the savage assaults of thundering breakers, and before long the blue waters of the Gulf will sweep over it.

At St. Joseph's Bay, a few miles to the eastward of Hurricane Island, a safe and commodious harbor is formed by a narrow arm of sand-dunes. Along their glistening shores a variety



FISHERMEN'S SHACKS. ST. JOSEPH'S BAY, FLORIDA.

of delicate and pretty shells has been gathered. Thrown on the sloping borders by the restless waves, nestle the peculiar-shaped Sinistral, the clean-cut Turbinella, the cone-shaped Virnestas, and innumerable Winkles, which destroy large numbers of oysters by drilling their shells and sucking their juices.

On the same beach my son, while quietly selecting a few choice, colored mollusks, was startled by a sudden, vicious grunt, and glancing up, was startled by the spectacle of a genuine Florida hog, a "razor-back," charging down upon him at full speed. With back arched, stiff bristles standing erect with rage, long, curved tusks protruding from the foam-flecked snout, and villainous eyes snapping with rage, the angry beast came on. Altogether he was a formidable-appearing brute, and in point of ferocity not to be trifled with. Startled by the sudden attack, the young man retreated precipitately into the water, the only means of escape open to him, where, waist-deep, he opened fire from a heavy navy-revolver. Not long afterward, in the petty-officers' mess, there was a glorious banquet on wild hog.

Along the Florida reefs, once the home of



EGMONT KEY.

tled brown. It leaves only a slight trail in the fluffy sand where it burrows for a hiding-place, and it requires a sharp and practised eye to discover its lurking-place. Hurricane Isl-

the daring and wicked wrecker, beautiful shells are thrown up by the waves of the Gulf; while along the chain of little keys or islands jutting out to the westward from Key West toward Tortugas, where towers Fort Jefferson, the celebrated solitary fortress of the Gulf, are found the pretty brown-mottled shells that cling to submerged roots of thick and tangled mangrove bushes, the natural haunt and home of the water-moccasin.

At Tortugas a number of Conchs, King and Queen, were secured in the surf; also many delicate patterns of sea-ferns, brilliant in many colors. At Sanibal Island is found the right-handed fan-shell, said to be obtainable at only three or four places in the world. This shell, the spiral being reversed, is mentioned as a rarity by Jules Verne in his interesting book, "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea."

Upon many of the lone and desolate sand-islets, where tradition says that the pirates and buccaneers of old once found a congenial haunt, are beaches rich in shell treasures, but they have been thoroughly tramped over by collectors.

Reminiscences of boat adventures in the rolling lines of breakers on the coast of Africa, or while hunting for the brilliant Abalones in the Gulf of California, or in seeking for mother-of-pearl on the wild coast of Australia, with happenings that include sharks, a narrow escape from the black natives of New Zealand, and a battle with monkeys on the Coromandel coast, might be included in this description of shell-hunting; but possibly sufficient has been recounted to convince the reader that even in so tame a pursuit as shell-gathering one may now and again happen upon exciting situations.



A MARVEL.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

AN old astronomer there was
 Who lived up in a tower;
 Named Ptolemy Copernicus
 Flammarion McGower.
 He said: "I can prognosticate
 With estimates correct;
 And when the skies I contemplate,
 I know what to expect.
 When dark'ning clouds obscure my sight,
 I think perhaps 't will rain;
 And when the stars are shining bright,
 I know 't is clear again."
 And then abstractedly he scanned
 The heavens, hour by hour,
 Old Ptolemy Copernicus
 Flammarion McGower.

LOST HIS POCKET-KNIFE!

Oct 7th 1774

Dear Sir

I have lost & cannot
tell how an old & favourite
pocketknife & am much distressed
for want of one - if you have
any in your store please to
send me one - if you have not
be so good as to get one imme-
diately. - perhaps Mr Bayly
could furnish me. - one with
two blades I should prefer,
where choice can be had.

I am D^r

G^o Wash^g

Phila

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY GEORGE WASHINGTON. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

As there may be some difficulty in making out parts of the old letter shown on page 737, here are the words in plain print:

October 7th, 1779.

DEAR SIR

I have lost — & cannot tell how — an old & favourite penknife & am much distressed for want of one — if you have any in your stores please to send me one — if you have not be so good as to get one immediately. — perhaps Mr. Bayley could furnish me. — one with two blades I should prefer where choice can be had.

I am Dr Sir

Yr Most Obedt

G. WASHINGTON.

Even so prudent and careful a man as General George Washington may lose a knife, as if he were the youngest boy in the Red School-house!

The General knew the value of a good knife, for he says it is "an old favourite," and that he is "much distressed for want of one." The army was not in active service just then, for the fighting was chiefly in the southern colonies; so the Commander-in-Chief probably needed his knife to mend his pens. Quill-pens were always wearing down, and had to be repointed; in-

deed, schoolmasters in those days were kept busy in mending their scholars' pens. I wonder if the boys did not sometimes blunt the pens on purpose when tired of writing.

You will notice that the picture shows the edges of the letter to have been scraped. This is because an inscription was once put on the letter saying that it was carried in a procession on Washington's Birthday, 1832 — a hundred years after his birth.

The letter was presented in 1837 by Robert Desilver, who was a stationer and publisher in Walnut street, Philadelphia, to Constant Guillou, who was a lawyer; and by him to Dr. Charles F. Guillou, assistant surgeon United States Navy, the present owner, April 16, 1889.

The owner of the letter believes that it was addressed to Major Gibbs, then paymaster to the Commander and his staff.

How little did General Washington, "much distressed" by the loss of his knife, dream of the pleasure the letter would give to nineteenth-century young folks! — among the rest to two little grandsons of the owner of the letter, who is now eighty-four years old.

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN.

BY MARY LILLIAN HERR.

THE American people are so jealous of the fame of Washington that they have found in a hundred years but one worthy to stand beside him — the Martyr President, Abraham Lincoln.

Yet in many respects these two great Americans were strangely unlike, for Washington was trained according to English ideas of reserve and dignity; while Lincoln was a product of the frontier settlement, and accustomed to meet all men as having equal rights — and no more.

Here is a true story of Lincoln that shows

his simple cordiality and freedom from false dignity.

On his inaugural journey to Washington in 1861, the train stopped a little time in the town of Allegheny, Pennsylvania. Around the station a great crowd gathered, eager to see the new President. They shouted and cheered until Lincoln had to appear on the rear platform of his car. He bowed and smiled; but the crowd was so noisy he did not try to speak to them.

Very near to the platform stood a workman, wearing a red shirt and blue overalls, and carrying a dinner-pail. Like the rest he had stopped hoping to see Mr. Lincoln. The workman was almost a giant in size, and towered head and shoulders above the crowd.

No doubt he had heard that Lincoln also was very tall; and, encouraged by the friendly face, the workman suddenly waved his bare arm above his head, and called out:

"Hi, there, Abe Lincoln! — I'm taller than you — yes, a sight taller!"

This loud speech silenced the crowd by its boldness, and a laugh arose. But Mr. Lincoln, leaning forward with a good-humored smile, said quietly:

"My man, I doubt it; in fact, I'm sure I am the taller. However, come up, and let's measure."

The crowd made way; the workman climbed to the platform, and stood back to back with the President-elect. Each put up a hand to see whose head overtopped. Evidently Mr. Lincoln was the victor; for with a smile of satisfaction, he turned and offered his hand to his beaten rival, saying cordially:

"I thought you were mistaken and I was right; but I wished to be sure and to have you satisfied. However, we are friends anyway, are n't we?"

Grasping the outstretched hand in a vigorous grip, the workman replied heartily:

"Yes, Abe Lincoln; as long as I live!"

No pretended familiarity could have won this reply. The man who was to proclaim freedom to the slaves felt himself the equal of any man — be it a great statesman or a private soldier.



"THE WORKMAN STOOD BACK TO BACK WITH THE PRESIDENT-ELECT."

He received the ambassador of a nation with no more embarrassment than he felt in measuring his height against the Allegheny workman; for he neither valued himself too much nor too little; and in the White House or on the frontier he always recognized the truth of Burns's oft quoted lines:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp —
A man 's a man for a' that.



THE WOODPECKER'S TONGUE. (EXTENDED.)

THE LITTLE DRUMMER OF THE WOODS.

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

PROBABLY there are few readers of ST. NICHOLAS living in the country who have not seen a woodpecker; but how many can tell, I wonder, how woodpeckers differ from other birds, from a crow, for instance? A crow is black, but so are some woodpeckers. A crow is large, but there are woodpeckers that equal it in size; so that neither color nor size has anything to do with the answer. The notes and habits of these birds are unlike, it is true, but my question relates rather to difference in form.

Now, if we had a woodpecker in our hands we should see, in the beginning, that its bill is not slightly hooked, with the upper mandible turned down at its end and overlapping the under mandible, as in the

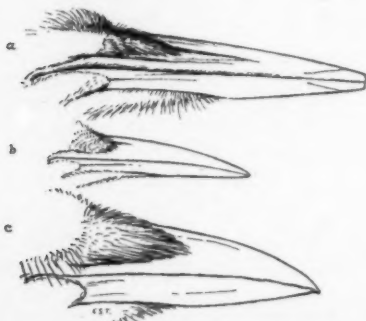
crow and other birds that "pick up a living," but that both mandibles are of equal length, and cut squarely off at the tip. It is therefore like a wedge or chisel.



A TAIL-FEATHER OF THE PILEATED WOODPECKER.



A TAIL-FEATHER OF THE CROW.



a. BILL OF PILEATED WOODPECKER.
b. BILL OF FLICKER.
c. BILL OF CROW.

Perhaps the tip of the bird's tongue will be seen appearing through its nearly closed mandibles, and our attention is at once attracted by its peculiar shape. We discover that it is remarkably long, and when fully extended reaches almost if not quite an inch beyond the point of the bill. It is not flat, like the crow's, but round and fleshy, and has a sharp, horny point which, by looking at it very closely, we see has a series of barbs on both sides.

In the meantime our hands have doubtless been pricked by the bird's tail-feathers, each feather being stiff, bristly, and pointed at the end. Some of the larger woodpeckers—the pileated and ivorybill, for instance—have this singular kind of tail-feather highly developed. The main stem or shaft of the feather is much

larger than usual, and each barb growing from this shaft is curved downward and inward, and is strong and pointed. Comparing this feather with the flat tail-feather of a crow, we see at once how different it is in form.

The wings do not impress us as in any way unusual; they are neither very long nor very short, but the arrangement of the toes is so peculiar that they were at once commented upon by a blind girl, to whom I had handed a specimen of one of these birds. Instead of the disposition common to most birds, three toes directed forward and one backward, we discover two front toes and two hind ones, and we will note also that each toe is armed with a strong curved nail.

Here, then, we have four easily observable characters: a chisel-shaped bill, long, spear-tipped tongue, pointed, stiffened tail-feathers, and what ornithologists term "zygodactyl," or yoked, toes. With few exceptions these are possessed by all woodpeckers; and although we may find other birds with similar tail-feathers and others still with yoked toes, we may be sure that when all the four characters mentioned appear in one bird, that bird is a woodpecker.

In color woodpeckers differ greatly; black, brown, green, yellow, and red are found in varying proportions and combinations, but a family mark, worn by most of the three hundred odd members of this tribe, is a red band, cap, or crest, on the crown or nape.

This, if we may believe Longfellow, was bestowed by Hiawatha on the ancestor of all woodpeckers when the bird had told him of Megissogwon's vulnerable spot:

Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissogwon,



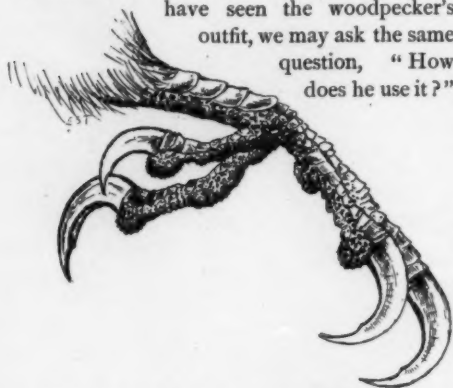
THE WOODPECKER AT WORK.

Strike the tuft of hair upon it,
At their root, the long black tresses;
There alone can he be wounded.

After the contest, when the great Pearl-feather, "mightiest of magicians," lay lifeless at Hiawatha's feet:

Then the grateful Hiawatha
 Called the Mama, the woodpecker,
 From his perch among the branches
 Of the melancholy pine-tree,
 And, in honor of his service,
 Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
 On the little head of Mama;
 Even to this day he wears it,
 Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
 As a symbol of his service.

After examining some unfamiliar tool or machine our first question, naturally enough, is, "Well, how is it used?" And now that we have seen the woodpecker's outfit, we may ask the same question, "How does he use it?"



THE LEFT FOOT OF THE PILEATED WOODPECKER.



THE LEFT FOOT OF A QUAIL.

Come with me to the woods and let the birds answer you.

It is a May morning. The air is ringing with the songs of birds. The voices of thrushes, vireos, tanagers, grosbeaks, warblers, and of many other songsters, form a chorus which goes straight to the heart of the lover of nature. If you listen closely you may hear now and then a singular, resonant roll, which resembles the tone of a loosely-snared drum. It also suggests the call of a tree-toad, and some people

will tell you that it is the warning note of that little weather-prophet. Now, right here you have an opportunity to exhibit the two most important traits of the successful field naturalist—caution and patience. "Seeing's believing"; never trust another person's eyes when you can use your own. You may walk the woods for years without happening to see how this rolling sound is made; and in the meantime you will be wrongly ascribing it to the tree-toads, whose reputation as foretellers of rain you will for this reason doubtless refuse to accept.

A few minutes' search reveals the drummer, who proves to be our common downy woodpecker—a black and white bird nearly seven inches long. He is clinging to a dry, dead limb; and as you watch him his head suddenly disappears in a series of hazy heads, while with his bill he strikes the echoing wood with such rapidity that the sound of the blows is fused in one continuous roll. It is his love-song; his contribution to the spring-time chorus. Probably he fancies it quite as pleasing as the thrush's most liquid notes. Indeed, he seems proud of his performance, and after each roll he looks about him in a defiant kind of way as though delivering a challenge to the world. Changing his position he also changes his key, making it higher or lower, muffled or more resonant, according to the size and nature of his drum. Occasionally woodpeckers discover the sound-producing qualities of tin gutters and leaders, upon which, it is recorded, they hammer with evident satisfaction. Thus one of the woodpecker's so-called "tools" proves, unexpectedly enough, to be also a musical instrument.

By this time the uses of the tail and feet are also quite evident, for we have seen that our bird does not perch on a limb as does the crow or thrush, but climbs or creeps along it. Doubtless his yoked toes are of especial service to him here, still it does not follow that all climbing birds have two toes directed forward and two backward, or that all birds having two front toes and two hind ones are climbers. On the contrary, some large families of climbing-birds have three toes in front and one behind, and there is even a woodpecker having toes arranged in this way. On the other hand many

birds, all the cuckoos for instance, have yoked toes but do not climb; in fact, one of the cuckoos — the road-runner — is celebrated for his speed on foot, as his name implies.

The question of toes is one of the puzzles of ornithology. There are numerous other forms and arrangements besides those I have mentioned. In some cases, for example, the webbed foot of a duck, the relation to habit is obvious, and there is surely a reason for every shape, whether it is apparent to us or not. However, the woodpecker's strong sharp toe-nails are an evident necessity, and we find them highly developed in most climbing animals, whether bird, mammal, or reptile. With them, he retains his hold on the upright trunk of even a very smooth-barked tree.

In assuming this position the woodpecker is also greatly aided by his tail. With most birds the tail serves as a rudder in flight and balancer while perching. It is also used to express emotion and may be wagged, quickly opened and closed, or spread and erected as in the peacock and turkey. The woodpecker's tail, however, is far too important a member to be used simply for display or needless wagging. It may truly be said to be its owner's chief support, and while the eight long toe-nails are gripping the bark the pointed, bristly feathers are pressed closely to its surface, forming a capital brace for the bird's body. This type of feather is probably without question a result of habit. It is found in varying degrees among birds which to a greater or less extent use their tails as props when perching. Our brown creeper, for example, has somewhat similar tail-feathers, and the numerous wood-hewers or wood-climbers of South America have adopted the same style. Even the bobolink, and some other reed-haunting birds that use the tail as a brace when trying to keep their balance on a swaying reed, show in their pointed tail-feathers the effect of this habit. Then there is the chimney-swift; the midrib or shaft of his tail-feathers projects far beyond the vane or feather part, forming what is known as a spring tail, an admirable organ to aid the bird in clinging to the walls of chimneys. Still, you will remember the nuthatch. Surely he is a climber, and his tail-feathers are not only rather short but

their ends are as soft as a bluebird's. But if you watch the nuthatch you will see that he runs downward quite as easily as upward, and that the end of his tail does not press the bark while he is climbing.

In the meantime our woodpecker has stopped "singing," and has flown to a nearby dead tree on whose soft, decayed limbs he has begun to rap in a manner quite unlike that which produced the rolling drum-call. Now he is pecking away in a most business-like manner, and evidently with a definite object in view. The



SECTION OF A TREE SHOWING HOLES MADE BY A WOODPECKER.

pithy chips fall steadily, and we not only see the use of his chisel-shaped bill, but learn an additional reason for the strong, bristly tail.

Have you ever seen a "lineman" repairing a telegraph wire at the top of a pole, or an electric-light man changing the sticks of carbon in the arc-light globes? Have n't you noticed how they sometimes place a strap loosely about themselves and the pole, and then lean back in it while working? Well, a woodpecker uses his legs and tail for practically

the same purpose, and it is in this way that he is able to deliver his blows with so much strength.

If you doubt the force of his blows, watch the effect of them. It is true the bird on the dead tree has a comparatively easy task before him, but the accompanying photograph of a section of a white-pine tree will convince you that woodpeckers fully deserve their Spanish name of *los carpinteros*, the carpenters. I found this tree one day in a Vermont forest. It had fallen, but for the most part was perfectly sound. It contained no less than twelve cavities of varying size, which I recognized as the work of the pileated woodpecker. The largest of these is shown in the photograph. It is twelve inches long, four inches wide at the mouth, and eight inches deep. For comparison I have placed a mounted specimen of the pileated woodpecker beside it. This hole was made in sound, solid wood, and you may well ask why the bird had expended so much energy with so little apparent hope of reward. But if you could see the bottom of the hole you would admit that the pileated woodpecker knows a thing or two about trees and their insect inhabitants which the tree-owner could learn with profit. At some time during the history of the pine-tree, it had been attacked by a colony of "borers," the larvæ of certain beetles, that, giving no visible sign of existence, were eating its heart out.

Now a pileated woodpecker chanced to alight on the bark of this tree, and his sharp ears no doubt soon told him of what was going on inside. He evidently had the faith of conviction, and straightway began operations which were to result in the grubs' extermination. The result you see, and I know you will share my satisfaction in learning that the bird's industry was probably rewarded by the discovery of a veritable mine of grubs. But I have

not told you yet just how he secured them. The chiseling was only part of the performance, for after their retreats were exposed they had to be speared and drawn out. The woodpecker's spear, as you will readily guess, is his tongue. The strong muscles by which it is controlled, the fact that it can be extended far beyond the tip of the bill, and its horny, barbed point, make it an ideal weapon for the woodpecker's use. Consequently we find our woodpecker is equipped with a drumstick, a set of "climbers," a bracket-like support or brace, a chisel, and a spear — by no means a poor outfit for a bird.

Yet the first woodpecker you examine after reading this article may be a golden-winged woodpecker, commonly known as the flicker, or high-hole; and when you see its tongue you will perhaps be surprised to find that its tip is nearly, if not entirely, without barbs; and will wonder how this tongue can be used as a spear. Remember those two words, "caution and patience," and don't jump to conclusions.

Look at the flicker's bill; it is more slender, somewhat curved, and less chisel-shaped than that of the downy or pileated. Watch the bird feeding, and you will see that he passes a large part of his time on the ground, where you will learn he is probing ants' nests, with his long, smooth tongue, which is covered with a sticky secretion to which the ants adhere.

Or you may see a yellow-bellied woodpecker, known also as the sapsucker, whose tongue is not barbed at the tip, but covered with fine bristles — a kind of brush with which he doubtless gathers sap from the rows of shallow holes he makes in the bark of trees.

And so as with "caution and patience" you study nature, you will find that every object, even an old log in the woods, can teach a lesson well worth learning.





"OH, MR. FAIRY, PLEASE."

Oh, Mr. Fairy, please
Don't go away!
I am just a little girl
Come out to play.

Just me, all by myself;
Jack's gone to school.
You need n't hide away
Behind that stool.

Oh, Mr. Fairy-man,
Don't go away—
I've heard of you before;
Do come and play!



THE LAST THREE SOLDIERS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

WHEN Philip awoke, after having swooned at the feet of his comrades when his rescue was accomplished, he lay in the delicious warmth of his bunk. The late afternoon sun streamed in at the window over his head, and Coleman sat watching at his side. Bromley was stirring the fire, which was burning briskly on the hearth, and the smell of gruel was in the room. The station flags and the crossed sabers brightened the space above the chimneypiece. The map hung on the opposite wall, and over it the old flag with thirty-five stars seemed to have been draped just where it would first catch his waking eye.

Strangely enough, the immediate cause that awoke Philip was a dull boom which made the faces of his comrades turn pale, and which was nothing else than the fall of the avalanche on which he had passed the night and the best part of the previous day.

Philip, if he heard the sound at all, was not sufficiently awake at the time to understand its awful meaning; and without noticing the pallor of his comrades, he weakly put out his hand, which Coleman took in his own with a warm pressure; and Bromley came over to the side of the bunk and looked doubtfully into his face. Neither of his comrades uttered a word.

"Give me the gruel," said Philip. "I was never so hungry before; and don't look at me so, George. I'm not crazy."

After he had eaten, he talked so rationally that Coleman and Bromley shook each other's hands and laughed immoderately at every slightest excuse for merriment, but said not a word of the delusion which had so lately darkened Philip's mind. They were so very jolly that Philip himself laughed weakly by infection, and

then he asked them to tell him how he had fallen over the mountain without knowing it.

In reply to this question, Coleman told him that he had been sick, and that he must have walked off the great rock in the thick fog.

Philip was silent for a space, as if trying to digest this strange information, and then with some animation he said:

"Look here, Fred! The funniest part of this whole dark business was when I had climbed up to the top of the great bank. There, alongside a hole in the snow, lay our telescope. When I put out my hand to take it, it rolled away through the opening in the snow; and, heaven forgive me, fellows, I heard it ring on the rocks at the bottom of the Cove."

With this long speech, and without waiting for a reply, Philip fell into a gentle doze.

Coleman and Bromley, having no doubt now that Philip's mind was restored because he seemed to have no recollection of his strange behavior on the mountain for the year that was past, were very happy at this change in his condition. As to the telescope, they regarded its fall as perhaps a dangerous matter, and a catastrophe which might bring them some unwelcome visitors. But, then, it was possible that it had fallen among inaccessible rocks, and would never be found at all. If any one should come to disturb them, they might hear of some unpleasant facts of which they had rather remain in ignorance. Now that nearly five years had passed since the great war, they thought that whoever came would not exult over them in an unbearable way. They knew that some of the mountaineers had been Union men; and although they would never seek communication with them, a connection formed against their will might result to their advantage. They had a good supply of the double eagles left. Somebody held title to the mountain, they knew; and if the telescope did

bring them visitors, they could buy the plateau from the deep gorge up, and pay in gold for it handsomely too. Also, they could send down their measures to a tailor and have new uniforms made to the buttons they had saved—that is, if the tailor was not too hot-headed a secessionist to soil his hands with the uniform of the old, mutilated, and disgraced Union. Then, too, they could buy seeds and books and a great many comforts to make their lives more enjoyable on the mountain.

And so it came about that, when month after month passed and nobody came, the three soldiers were rather disappointed. They resolved to save what remained of their minted and milled coins against any unforeseen chance they might have to put them in circulation; and now that they thought of it, it would have been much wiser to have melted the coins of the United States and saved the English guineas. If, however, the world had not changed greatly since they left it, they believed the natives in the valley below would accept good red gold no matter what face or design was stamped on the coin.

When Philip was quite himself again, by reason of his knowledge of milling he took entire control of the golden mill. In the cold weather his old overcoat was dusty with meal, as a miller's should be; and in the summer days plenty of the yellow grains clung to his arms, and to his thin red beard.

It is a Sunday morning in September again, and, to be exact with the date,—for it was a very important one in their history,—it is the fourth day of the month in the year '70. The three soldiers are standing together by the door of the mill, dressed very much as when we last saw them there, and engaged in an animated conversation.

"An egg," said Lieutenant Coleman, facing his two comrades, and crossing his hands unconsciously over the great "A" on the back of his canvas trousers, "as an article of food may be considered as the connecting-link between the animal and the vegetable. If we had to kill the hen to get the egg, I should consider it a sin to eat it. What we have to do, and that right briskly, is to eat the eggs to prevent the fowls from increasing until they are

numerous enough to devour every green thing on the mountain."

"I am not so sure of that," said Philip, toying with his one dusty suspender; "we could feed the eggs to the bear."

"We could, but we won't," said Bromley, shaking some crumbs from the front of his gown. "When nature prompts a hen to cackle, do you think we are expected to look the other way? Why, Philip, you will be going back on honey next, because bees make it. We are vegetarians because we no longer think it right to destroy animal life. We not only think it wrong to destroy, but we believe it to be our duty to preserve it wherever we find it. Don't we spread corn on the snow in the winter for the coons and squirrels? Come, now! We are not vegetarians at all. We are simply humane to a degree that leaves us to choose between vegetable diet and starvation. Now, then," said Bromley, spreading out his bare arms and shrugging his shoulders, "of the two, I choose a vegetable diet; but if I could eat half a broiled chicken without injury to the bird, I'd do it. That's the sort of vegetarian I am."

"Nonsense!" said Philip. "You're a dabster at splitting hairs, you are. It was uphill work making a vegetarian of you, George; but we have got you there at last, and you can't squirm out of it."

"Give it to him, Phil!" cried Coleman. "Remind him of the salt!"

"Exactly!" continued Philip, taking a swallow of water from a golden cup, and addressing himself to Bromley. "When the salt was gone you thought you'd never enjoy another meal, did n't you?—and how is it now? You are honest enough to admit that you never knew what a keen razor-edge taste was before. I'll bet you a quart of double-eagles, George, that you get more flavor out of a dish of common—"

At that moment a bag of sand fell through the branches of the tree which shaded the three soldiers as they talked. There was a dark shadow moving over the sunlit ground, and a rushing sound in the air above. Their own conversation, and the noise of the water pouring from the trough over the idle wheel

and splashing on the stones, must have prevented their hearing human voices close at hand. Rushing out from under the trees, they saw a huge balloon sweeping over their heads. The enormous bag of silk, swaying and pulsating in the meshes of the netting, was a hundred feet above the plateau; but the willow basket, in which two men and one woman were seated, was not more than half that distance from the ground. The surprise, the whistling of the monster through the air, the snapping and rending of the drag-rope with its iron hook, which was tearing up the turf, and which in an instant more scattered the shingles on the roof of their house like chaff, and carried off some of their bedding which was airing there—all these things were so startling, and came upon them so suddenly, that they had but little opportunity to observe the human beings who came so near them.

Brief as was the time, the faces of the three strangers were indelibly impressed upon their memory, and no portion of their dress seen above the rim of the basket escaped their observation. The woman, who appeared to be perfectly calm and self-possessed, kissed her hand with a smile so enchanting, lighting a face which seemed to the soldiers to be a face of such angelic beauty, that they half doubted if she could really belong to the race of earthly women they had once known so well. The men were not in like manner attractive to their eyes, but seemed to be of that oily-haired, waxy-mustached, be-ringed and "professorish" variety which suggested ring-masters or small theatrical managers.

Notwithstanding the rushing and creaking of the cordage, the voices of the men in the balloon had that peculiar quality of distinctness that sound has on a lowery morning before a storm. Indeed, each voice above them had a vibration of its own which enabled the soldiers to hear all commingled and yet to hear each separately and distinctly. The hurried orders for the management of the balloon were given in subdued tones, and uttered with less excitement than might have been expected under the circumstances, yet the words came to the earth with startling distinctness.

When they saw the soldiers, the taller of the

men, who wore the larger diamond in his shirt-front, put his hand to his mouth and cried in deafening tones:

"'Ariel,' from Charleston, 3:30 yesterday."

At the same time the beautiful lady, laying her hand on her breast as if to indicate herself, uttered twice the words:

"New York! New York!"

Even while they spoke, their voices grew softer as the balloon sped on, the great gas-bag inclined forward by the action of the drag-rope, its shadow flying beneath it over the surface of the plateau. As soon as the two professors saw the danger which threatened the log-house, they began to throw out sand-bags from both sides of the car, and the lady clung with both hands to the guy-ropes. It was too late, however, to prevent the contact, and the lurch given to the basket by the momentary hold which the grappling-hook took in the roof of the house threw several objects to the ground; and on its release the balloon rose higher in the air, carrying a "U. S." blanket streaming back from the end of the drag-rope. The property they were bearing away was seen by the men in the car, and the rope was taken in with all speed; but a fresh breeze having set in from the east, the balloon was swept rapidly along, so that it was well beyond the plateau when the blanket fluttered loose from the hook.

The soldiers ran after it with outstretched arms until they came to the edge of the great boulder, where they saw their good woolen blanket again, still drifting downward with funny antics through the air, until it fell noiselessly at the very door of the Cove post-master.

The balloon itself was by this time soaring above the mountains beyond the Cove, and they kept their eyes on the receding ball until it was only a speck among the clouds and then vanished altogether into the pale blue of the horizon.

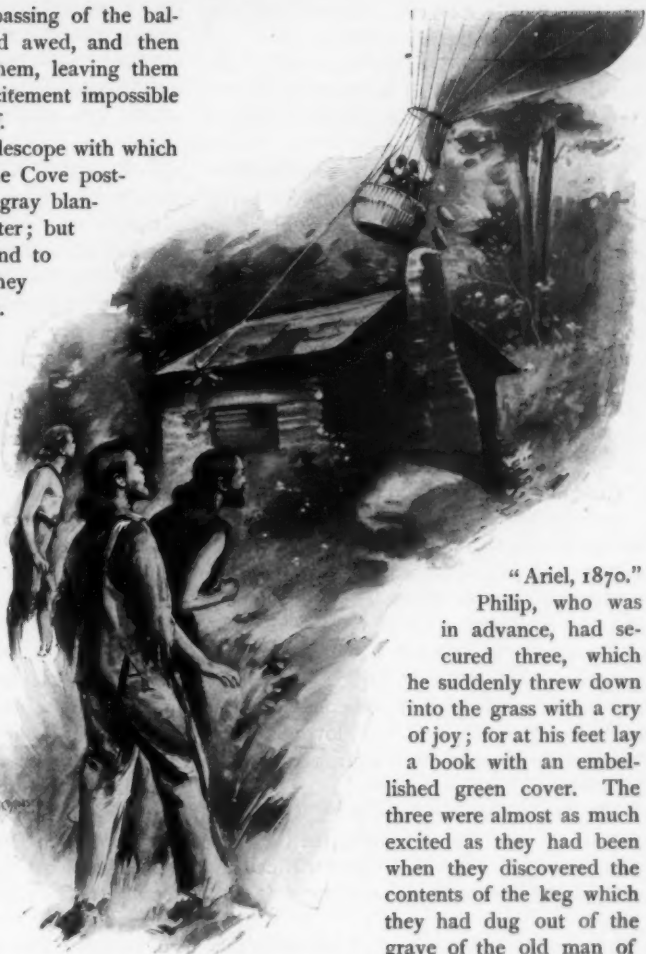
The soldiers had not seen the objects tumble out of the car when the drag-rope caught in the shingles of their house, and the thoughts of their wrecked roof and the lost blanket had for the moment power to displace even the image of the beautiful lady, whom they could

never, never forget. The passing of the balloon had at first dazed and awed, and then charmed and bewildered them, leaving them in a state of trembling excitement impossible for the reader to conceive of.

They no longer had the telescope with which to observe the surprise of the Cove post-master when he found the gray blanket with "U. S." in the center; but they had the presence of mind to hide behind trees, where they waited until he came out.

He looked very small in the distance when he came at last, but they could see that the object was a man. It was evident, from his not having been out before, that he had not seen the balloon pass over. He seemed to stoop down and raise the blanket, and then to drop it and stand erect, and by a tiny flash of light which each of the soldiers saw and knew must be the reflection of the sun on his spectacles, they were sure he was looking at the top of the mountain and thinking of the east wind. There was no help for it; and when he disappeared into the office with their blanket, they clinked the gold in their pockets; for they carried coin with them now, and thought that an opportunity might soon come for them to spend it. As they moved away in the direction of the house, they were sorry that the drag-rope of the balloon had not fastened its hook in the plateau; for they believed they were rich enough to buy the coats off the backs of the two men, and the diamonds in their shirt-fronts if they had cared for them.

As the three soldiers neared the house, they began to pick up the sand-bags stenciled



"RUSHING OUT FROM UNDER THE TREES, THEY SAW A HUGE BALLOON SWEEPING OVER THEIR HEADS."

"Ariel, 1870."

Philip, who was in advance, had secured three, which he suddenly threw down into the grass with a cry of joy; for at his feet lay a book with an embellished green cover. The three were almost as much excited as they had been when they discovered the contents of the keg which they had dug out of the grave of the old man of the mountain, and instantly had their heads together,

believing that they were about to learn something of the condition of the old United States, and even fearing they might read that they no longer existed at all. They were so nervous that they fumbled at the covers and hindered each other; and between them, in their haste, they dropped it on the ground. When they had secured it again and got their six eyes on the title-page, imagine their surprise and disgust when they read, "A Treatise on Deep-Sea Fishing"!

"Bother deep-sea fishing!" exclaimed Philip.

"Hum!" said Coleman, "it will work up into paper for the diary."

Bromley said nothing, but looked more disgusted than either of his comrades, and gave the book, which they had dropped again, a kick with his foot.

Their disappointment was somewhat relieved presently, for in the chips by the door of the house they found a small hand-bag of alligator leather, marked with three silver letters, "E. Q. R." The key was attached to the lock by a ribbon; and as soon as the bag could be opened, Coleman seized upon another small book which was called "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The author was one Francis Bret Harte, of whom they had never before heard. The book was a new one, for it bore "1870" on the title-page, and the leaves were uncut except at a particular story entitled "Miggles."

Besides this book the bag contained numerous little trinkets, among which the most useful article was a pair of scissors. They found three dainty linen handkerchiefs with monograms, a cut-glass vinaigrette containing salts of ammonia, a bit of chamois-skin dusty with a white powder, a tooth-brush, and a box of the tooth-powder aforesaid, a brush and comb, a box of bonbons, a pair of tan-colored gloves, a button-hook, and an opened letter addressed to a lady in New York City.

The letter bore the post-mark, "Liverpool, August 13," and was stamped at the New York office, "Aug. 20, 2 P. M." Here was evidence of progress. *Seven days from Liverpool to New York!*

The envelope had been torn off at the lower right-hand corner in opening, so that it was impossible to tell whether the letters "U. S." or "C. S." had been below "New York." The soldiers cut the leaves of the book, and glanced hurriedly over the pages without finding anything to clear up the mystery which interested them most. They sat down on the wood-pile, sorely disappointed, to talk over the events of the day; and presently they began clipping off their long beards with the scissors, and using the brush and comb, to which their heads had so long been strangers. The experience was all so strange that but for the treasures left behind, not counting the treatise on deep-sea fishing,

they might have doubted the reality of the passage of their aerial visitor.

When it came to a division of the trifles from the hand-bag, they had just a handkerchief apiece. Bromley accepted the tooth-brush and the button-hook as useless keepsakes. The vinaigrette fell to Philip, while Lieutenant Coleman, more practical than the others, took for his share the bit of chamois-skin and the box of what they believed to be tooth-powder.

The letter found in the bag was a subject of heated discussion, and from motives of chivalrous delicacy remained for a long time unopened. George Bromley contended that its contents might throw some light on the subject which the books had left in obscurity, while Lieutenant Coleman shrank from offering such an indignity to the memory of the angelic lady of the air. It was finally agreed that Bromley might examine and then destroy it, Lieutenant Coleman declining to be made acquainted with its contents.

They never quite understood the association of the beautiful lady with the two men, of whom they had but a poor opinion. When Bromley suggested that to their starved eyes a cook might seem a princess, his comrades were sufficiently indignant, and reminded him of her literary taste, as shown by the quality of the new book found in the bag.

After all, they had learned nothing of the great secret that vexed their lives. Was there still in existence a starry flag bearing any semblance to this one which was now floating over the mountain? Was it still loved in the land and respected on the sea?

To men who had seen it bent forward under the eagles of the old republic, gray in the stifling powder-clouds, falling and rising in the storm of battle, a pale ghost of a flag, fluttering colorless on the plain or climbing the stubborn mountain, human lives falling like leaves for its upholding — this was the burning question.

When the nine small gunny-sacks marked "Ariel, 1870," were emptied on the floor of the house, the creatures of the Atlantic's sands had found a resting-place on the summit of Whiteside Mountain, and might yet furnish evidence to some grave scientist of the future

to prove beyond a doubt that the sea at no very remote period had surged above the peaks of the Blue Ridge. Starfish, shells, and bones, and fragments of the legs of spider-crabs, horse-shoe-crabs, and crayfish, and some very active sand-fleas afforded much scientific amusement to our exiles, and brought vividly to mind the boom of the sea and the whitebait and whales that wiggle-waggle in its depth.

Neither the telescope nor the army blanket with "U. S." in the center, nor the two combined, had brought any visitors to the three soldiers, nor any information of the real state of affairs in the United States, which would quickly have terminated their exile.

The very pathetic and amusing volume of stories found in the alligator-skin bag caused more tears and healthy laughter than the soldiers had given way to since their great disappointment, and actually brought about such neglect of the October work on the plantation that more than half the potato crop rotted in the ground.

On the 21st of that month in this very balloon year, the area of Sherman Territory was extended by the addition of half an acre of rocks and brambles on the boulder side of the mountain, and afterward of much more, as will be shown in due time.

The twenty-first day of October in the year '70, then, was a lowery day. A strong, humid wind was blowing steadily across the mountain and souging in the boughs of the pines, while the low clouds, westward bound, flew in ragged rifts overhead. It was a pleasant wind to feel, and the rising and falling cadence of its song reminded the soldiers of a wind from the sea. In the successive seasons they had gleaned the grove so thoroughly, even cutting the dry limbs from the trees, that they were now obliged to search under the carpet of needles for the fat pine-knots which formerly lay in abundance on the surface.

At the extreme southern end of the tongue of land on which the pines grew, a solitary stump clung in the base of the cliff. The outer fiber of the wood had crumbled away, leaving the resinous heart and the tough roots firmly

bedded in the soil. They had been chopping and digging for an hour before they loosened and removed the central mass. Continuing their quest for one of the great roots which ran into the earth under the cliff, George dealt a vigorous stroke on the rotten stone and earth behind, which yielded so unexpectedly that he lost his footing and at the same time his hold on the ax, which promptly disappeared into the bowels of the earth. They heard it ring upon the rocks below with strange echoes, as if it had fallen into a subterranean cavern. At the same time the wind rushed through the opening in a current warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, and brought with it a strong, stifling smell, as if they had entered a menagerie in August. As soon as the soldiers recovered from their surprise, they set vigorously to work for the recovery of the ax, attacking the loose earth with their gold-tipped shovel and with the tough oaken handspike with which they had been prying at the stump. Their efforts rapidly enlarged the opening, and presently the great root itself tumbled in after the ax. Philip ran to the house for a light, and by the time he returned with a blazing torch, Coleman and Bromley had enlarged the opening under the cliff until it was wide enough to admit their bodies easily. All was darkness, even blackness, within, and the rank animal smell was as offensive as ever, so that Philip held his nose in disgust.

By passing the torch into the opening of the cavern they could see the ax lying on the earthen floor ten feet below, and to the right the overlapping strata of granite seemed to offer a rude stairway for their descent. George entered at once, with the torch in one hand, and in the other the handspike with which to test his footing in advance. In another moment he stood on the hard floor by the ax, and the light of his torch revealed the rocky sides of a cavern stretching away to the south along the side of the mountain. Coleman provided himself with one of the fattest of the pine-knots, and immediately descended into the cavern after Bromley. With some hesitation Philip followed.

(To be continued.)



GIRLHOOD DAYS OF ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

BY JAMES CASSIDY

ON a dark day in November, 1817, died Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George IV., and heiress to the British throne.

A year and a half passed away, and there dawned a happier day for the saddened nation. It was the birthday of the baby daughter of the Duke of Kent, one of the uncles of the Princess Charlotte. This Duke of Kent left England and had been living on the Continent as a soldier.

He returned to England with his wife, the Duchess, in 1819, when he was quite a middle-aged man; and not long after his coming their daughter was born on British soil.

It was in Kensington Palace that the baby-girl was born. The Duchess, a German lady, was a widow when the Duke of Kent married her, and she had two children living on the Continent, so that the infant Princess had a half-sister and a half-brother.

"Take care of her," her father frequently used to say; "for she will be Queen of England some day."

When the child was a few months old she was christened; and the christening was a very grand affair. No common marble or stone font was used: a gold font was thought necessary. And so a gold font was brought from

the Tower of London, where it had been kept for safety.

One of her sponsors was Czar Alexander of Russia; and hence it was that the name chosen for the baby was Alexandrina Victoria, the second name being that of her mother.

A fine, healthy, lively child, with blue eyes and fair hair, was the Princess, and it seems she suffered little from the trials of infancy.

When she was about six months old, the Duke decided to cheat the winter by removing his little daughter to the beautiful county of Devon, with its mild and salubrious air. A pretty cottage at Woolbrook Glen, near Sidmouth, East Devon, was rented; and thither the Duke and Duchess, their baby, and a few household servants repaired. Every day a careful nurse carried the little girl out for an airing. Sometimes she kept quite close to the house; at others she ventured farther afield.

One day when she was walking little Victoria about near the cottage, a bullet whizzed within an inch or so of the child's head. It was sent by a careless school-boy who was amusing himself by shooting a little distance away. The lad was quickly brought before the Duke; but receiving nothing worse than a severe reprimand for his carelessness, he left the Duke's presence promising to be careful in future, and rejoicing that his recklessness had done no harm.

Beautiful county as Devonshire is, it does not escape heavy rains. It happened that Duke Edward was out in the lanes upon one of these soaking days, and took a severe cold, which ultimately developed into an illness that resulted in his death, so within a few days the Princess was fatherless.

When the Duke knew that he was dying he had his will drawn up, and by it he named and appointed his "beloved wife, Victoire, Duchess of Kent, sole guardian of our dear child, the Princess Alexandrina Victoria."

The Duchess returned to Kensington. She knew that in the carrying out of her late husband's wishes great sacrifices would be entailed upon her. She would be called upon to give up all idea of returning to her own land and her other children; for "little 'Drina," as the infant Princess was at this time called, must be brought up and educated in England. Writing

to her brother Leopold to ask his assistance, she set about getting ready, without loss of time, for the journey to London.

As Uncle Leopold looked down into the cradle of his little niece, he promised his bereaved sister to be a father to her fatherless baby; and he was faithful to his word. He sometimes called her his "adopted daughter," and ever showed her the tenderest affection and kindness.

The Duke of Kent, who had always received from his father a smaller allowance than his elder brothers, died in debt; and the brave Duchess, with her brother's help, struggled hard to pay her husband's debts, for she knew that the Duke had made every effort to pay them, and would have wished her to do so. Therefore during some years it was necessary for her and her little daughter to live very frugally, considering their high rank.

The good William Wilberforce tells that he was upon one occasion invited to the presence of the Duchess of Kent. "She received me," he wrote, "with her fine, animated child on the floor by her side, busy with its playthings — of which I soon became one!" Indeed, throughout 'Drina's childish days we find her never far from her mother's side.

On her fourth birthday the child received a present from King George IV. — "Uncle King" she had been taught to call him. It was a miniature portrait of himself, richly set in diamonds. The King also gave a state dinner-party to the Duchess and her little daughter.

Until Victoria was five years old the only money her mother received upon which to bring up and educate the child was that generously allowed her by "Uncle Leopold." But when the child was five, George IV. sent a message to Parliament asking that a suitable allowance be made. Not long afterward Parliament voted the yearly payment of £6000 (\$30,000) to the Duchess for the proper bringing up of the Princess; but not even then did her mother's brother withdraw his generous allowance.

It was only when he became King of the Belgians in 1831, and thought it right to forego the £35,000 (\$175,000) a year allowed him by England, that he ceased to allow his sister £3000 (\$15,000), as he had done for years.

The tutor chosen by 'Drina's mother for her daughter was Dr. Davys, and nobly this good man did his work. Her governess was a very accomplished lady, the Baroness Lehzen.

A Mr. Knight who was on one occasion passing through Kensington Gardens has told us that he observed "at some distance a party consisting of several ladies, a young child, and two men-servants, having in charge a donkey gaily caparisoned with blue ribbons and accoutred for the use of the infant. On approaching them, the little one replied, to my respectful recognition with a pleasant 'Good morning,' and I noted that she was equally polite to all who politely greeted her."

There was an occupation in which the wee woman of seven years, wearing a simple white gown and large straw hat, was frequently seen engaged. It was watering the garden plants. One of those who saw her said that as he sometimes watched her intently at work, he wondered which would get the most water, the plants or her own little feet!

The Princess was an early riser, getting up at seven, frequently earlier in the summer, and breakfasting at eight o'clock. Her breakfast was just such as any well-cared-for little girl, who was not a princess, might be expected to enjoy: bread-and-milk and fruit, placed on a small table by her mother's side.

When breakfast was finished the little Princess went for a walk or a drive, while her half-sister, Feodore, her almost constant companion, studied with her governess. From ten to twelve the Duchess instructed 'Drina, after which she was at liberty to wander at will through the rooms, or to play with her many costly toys.

Two o'clock was the dinner-hour of the Princess, though the luncheon-hour of the Duchess. Plain food, nicely cooked, was placed before the little girl; and she did it justice, for she was healthy and strong, and enjoyed her meals. After dinner she received assistance in her studies till four o'clock, when she was taken by her mother to visit a friend, or perhaps to walk or drive, or she was permitted to ride a donkey in the gardens.

At the dinner-hour of the Duchess her little girl supped, seated next to her mother. Then came a romp with her nurse, Mrs. Brock. By

the time the romp was finished the house-party would be at their dessert, and then the Princess would be called in to join them.

Nine o'clock was bedtime, and she never prolonged her day beyond that hour. No matter whether she was at home or at the house of a friend, "nine-o'clock bedtime was rigidly enforced." Her little bed was placed beside her mother's larger bed, so that by day and night mother and daughter were never far apart.

Regular study, regular exercise, simple food, and plenty of time out of doors, plenty of play and plenty of sleep, distinguished the up-bringing of England's future Queen.

Sometimes during the summer months the maiden and her mother partook of breakfast on one of the lawns in Kensington Gardens. One who saw them at this early hour wrote thus about it: "As I passed along the broad central walk, I saw a group on the lawn before the palace which, to my mind, was a vision of exquisite loveliness. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter, whose years then numbered nine, are breakfasting in the open air, a single page attending upon them at a respectful distance; the matron looking on with eye of love, while the fair, soft face is bright with smiles."

There is a short story connected with one of 'Drina's visits which you may like to read.

While she and her mother were visiting Earl Fitzwilliam, at Wentworth House, it is said that she found great delight in running alone in the garden and shrubberies.

One morning, when the ground was very wet, she was thus disporting herself when the old gardener, unaware of the little visitor's name and rank, noticed that she intended to run down a treacherous piece of ground. Anxious to prevent a tumble, he called out: "Be careful, missie! it's *slape*" (this being the Yorkshire word for "slippery"). The new word struck the ear of the Princess, and turning round quickly, she asked: "What 's *slape*?" At that moment her feet flew from under her, and down she fell. Up ran the old gardener, carefully assisting her to rise, and saying slowly as he did so, "*That 's slape, miss.*" Another version of the story adds that Earl Fitzwilliam called out: "Now your Royal Highness has an explana-

tion of the term 'slape.' " "Yes, my lord," the Princess replied; "I think I have. I shall never forget the word 'slape.'"

Although 'Drina was permitted to enjoy plenty of play, nothing was allowed to interfere with her studies, for by this time it had become pretty evident to all who were interested in the question of the succession, that the little Princess was likely at no distant day to become England's Queen. King George IV., who was old, had no children; and his next brother, who afterward became King under the title of William IV.,—"the Sailor King," as people called him,—had lost his children; so that after her two uncles, George and William, Alexandrina Victoria, daughter of the deceased Duke of Kent, had clearly the right of succession. The Duchess never lost sight of this right; and the child's education was such as befitted a future Queen, though throughout her early childhood she was kept in ignorance of the high position that probably would be hers.

When she had studied for six years under the direction of her mother, tutor, and governess, and various visiting masters and mistresses, she could speak fluently French, German, and Italian. She could also have put to shame many a modern school-boy by her easy reading of Virgil and Horace. She had begun Greek and studied mathematics, in which difficult science she had made good progress. Nor had she neglected music and drawing.

There were in the life of the Princess days when she longed for companions of her own age. Her mother, guessing this longing, was very tender and gentle with her, and considered often how best to make up for this lack. Once the Duchess, it is said, thinking to please her daughter, "sent for a noted child-performer of the day, called 'Lyra,' that she might amuse 'Drina with some remarkable performances on the harp. On one occasion," writes the biographer, "while the young musician was playing one of her favorite airs, the Duchess, perceiving how deeply her daughter's attention was engrossed with the music, left the room for a few minutes. When she returned she found the harp deserted. The heiress of England had beguiled the juvenile minstrel from her instru-

ment by the display of some of her costly toys, and the children were discovered, seated side by side on the hearth-rug, in a state of high enjoyment, surrounded by the Princess's playthings, from which she was making the most liberal selections for the acceptance of poor little Lyra."

There was one visitor at Kensington Palace whom 'Drina loved to see—a visitor who took her on his knee and told her all sorts of wonderful things about familiar plants, and rambled with her about the gardens and fields to find specimens for object-lessons. This kindly visitor was her Uncle Leopold. He took the deepest interest in her education; it was probably for him that the Baroness Lehzen kept a daily journal of her pupil's studies, submitting it once a month for his inspection. Uncle Leopold was an accomplished gentleman, and his little niece learned a great deal from his conversation and teaching. This true friend never flattered her. He knew her to be good and attractive, but was not blind to her childish imperfections. He recognized that she was impulsive, and sometimes wilful and imperious; but he trusted to her affectionate nature and the excellent training she was receiving to correct these faults.

He detected, too, a fine sense of justice in her nature, which always led her readily to acknowledge her fault, and to ask forgiveness of those whom she had in any way wronged.

Her favorite outdoor exercise was riding, and a kind little mistress she was to the pony given her by her uncle the Duke of York. She petted it and showed it the greatest consideration. She had always been fond of animals. Donkeys, ponies, horses, dogs, birds, and even some wilder creatures, were among her pets.

The happiest days of the Queen's childhood, as she herself has testified, were spent at Claremont—the beautiful home of Uncle Leopold. The older 'Drina grew, the deeper became her affection for her good uncle. It was sad news to the child that a proposal had been made to place him on the throne of Greece, and she was very glad when the project fell through, for she did not wish her dear uncle to leave England.

Turning over the pages of the Queen's "Jour-

nal," we find a reference to a visit paid to Claremont in 1842, five years after her accession. She was then accompanied by Prince Albert, her husband, and her own little girl, and her Uncle Leopold was at Brussels. She wrote to him:

This place brings back recollections of my otherwise dull childhood days, when I experienced such kindness from you, dearest Uncle. Victoria plays with my old

where the Princess and the Duchess stayed for a time. The young lady was a "great romp and a rattle," we are assured by those who should know. Nor did she confine her exploits to the level ground. She liked to climb walls and trees. It is told that one day, while staying at Malvern, she climbed an apple-tree. That was easy enough; but next came the harder task of descending. In vain she placed one small foot before the other: she dared not venture, though again and again she tried. So she did what, most likely, you would have done had you been in her sorry plight: she began to cry. Her cries drew to the spot a gardener, named Davis; and he, fetching a ladder, soon brought her safely down from her dangerous position. For his trouble a reward of a guinea was given him, and this coin, the reward for rescuing the Princess, may still be seen by the curious, neatly framed.

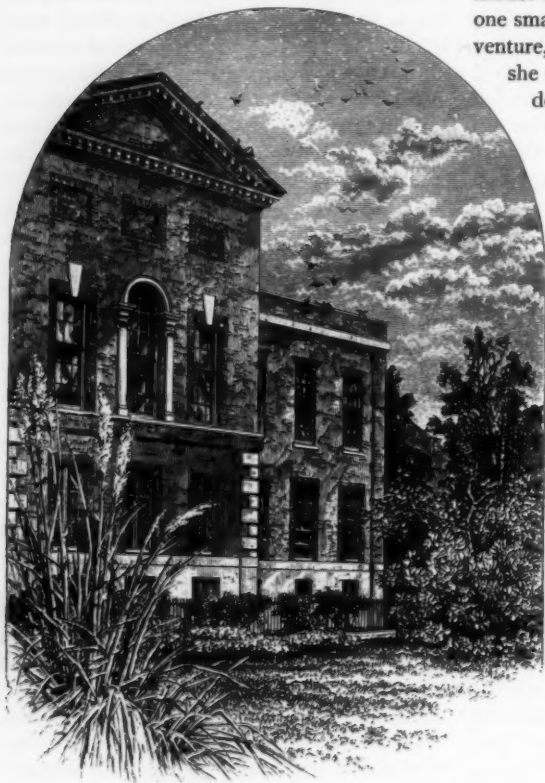
A certain story associated with Tunbridge Wells illustrates how sensibly she was treated. At a bazaar in that town the little girl had spent all her money—most unselfishly it must be admitted, for she had been buying presents for her friends. A pretty box arrested her attention, and she said to her governess:

"How I should like to buy that box for so-and-so",—whom she mentioned by name,—"but it is half a crown, and I've spent all my money!"

The saleswoman, saying, "That is of no consequence," proposed to inclose it with the other articles.

The Baroness Lehzen objected, as the Princess was not allowed to buy upon credit, but only for ready money. The saleswoman immediately offered to put by the box for her, and this was gladly agreed to. It was quite early one morning, some time afterward, when the young Princess, mounted on a donkey, appeared at the shop. She had received her allowance, and had come to buy the coveted treasure!

At Brighton and Ramsgate the Duchess and



A WING OF KENSINGTON PALACE, WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA WAS BORN.

bricks, and I see her running and jumping in the flower-garden, as old (though I feel still *little*) Victoria of former days used to do.

Claremont was not the only place visited by the Princess. We find stories of journeyings to Sidmouth, Malvern, Ramsgate, Tunbridge Wells, Broadstairs, and elsewhere.

On a road in Malvern named, out of compliment to her Majesty, the Queen's Road, there stood, and maybe now stands, a large house

her daughter seem to have experienced a great deal of rudeness; for the people flocked together to stare at them, and wherever they went there came crowds as if determined to deny them the peace of privacy. One pleasant incident is connected with the Ramsgate visit. A kind and very wealthy Hebrew gentleman, Sir Moses Montefiore, who owned a magnificent estate, sent the Princess a golden key that admitted her to his private grounds. Thither she could retire, from the rude, eagerly pressing crowds when she wished to take unobserved a walk for her health.

This kind and loyal gentleman lived to be over a hundred years old, and to the last he had the most loyal affection for his Queen.

Sometimes the Duchess and her child received invitations to the famous and beautiful country-seats of the English nobility; and these were often gladly accepted, to the delight of the Princess.

Some of the early years of Victoria — for by this name she preferred to be known, desiring that her mother's name should be second to none — were passed pleasantly at Norris Castle; and it was here that she first acquired her love of ships and the sea. The yacht in which she, with the Duchess, cruised about was the "Emerald"; and in that little vessel they visited various parts of the coast of the Isle of Wight, venturing at times to places as far remote as Plymouth and Torquay. On board this small craft the Princess had a narrow escape from what might have proved a serious accident.

She was standing on deck when a long spar, with sail attached, fell; and had not the pilot shown sufficient presence of mind to hurry the Princess aside, she must have been severely wounded, if not permanently disabled or killed.

On the thirteenth birthday of the Princess Victoria she was taken to a party given in her honor by the King and Queen. At the party she behaved so sweetly and unaffectedly, and thought so much more of others than of herself, that every one was charmed with her. Yet even a state party was no excuse for late hours, and the young lady retired to rest at her usual time. Three years later, at the Marquis of Exeter's, the Princess was sent to bed after the first dance. Thus, even as late as sixteen years

of age we find her cheerfully obedient to her mother's strict discipline.

"I am anxious to bring you up as a good woman, and then you will be a good Queen," was one of her sayings to her daughter. How well she succeeded the whole civilized world is witness.

There was another lady who assisted largely in the education of the Princess and the formation of her character. This was the Duchess of Northumberland, a noble-hearted and cultivated Englishwoman of the county of Kent. The accomplishments of the Duchess of Northumberland were many, and her influence over her pupil was strong and of the highest kind. She was assisted by the Baroness Lehzen, already mentioned.

Another of Victoria's instructors was her singing-master, Lablache. The Princess had a sweet, clear voice, and under Lablache's tuition she learned to sing charmingly, and with expression.

We are sure you would like to read Mrs. Oliphant's account of the personal appearance of the little Princess. Many have written more enthusiastically about her, but perhaps none more truthfully and calmly. She writes:

I do not suppose the Queen was ever *beautiful*, though that is a word which is used to describe many persons whose features would not bear any severe test of beauty; but yet her face was one which you would have remarked anywhere had she been only *Miss Victoria*. She had not much color in her youth, and it was a time of simplicity, when girls wore their pretty hair in a natural way, without swelling it out by artificial means, or building it up like towers on their heads, and when their dresses were very simple, almost childish, in their plainness.

All this increased the appearance of youth and naturalness and innocence in the young Queen, and I remember very distinctly when I saw her first, being myself very young, how the calm, full look of her eyes impressed and affected me. Those eyes were very blue, serene, still, looking at you with a tranquil breadth of expression which somehow conveyed to your mind a feeling of unquestioned power and greatness, quite practical in its serious simplicity. I do not suppose she was at all aware of this, for the Queen does not take credit for being so calmly royal; but this is how she looked to a fanciful girl seeing her Majesty for the first time.

It was not until the Princess Victoria was over twelve that she was made aware of her

place in the succession, and informed how near she stood to becoming heiress of the British crown. But the Baroness Lehzen shall tell the story of the informing of her pupil upon this important point. Writing to the Queen, in the evening of her days, from her own country, whither she had returned after her years of faithful service, the ex-governess says :

I ask your Majesty's leave to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty when only twelve years old, while the Regency Bill was still in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent that now for the first time your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Dr. Davys [the instructor of the Princess, and afterward Bishop of Peterborough] was gone, the Princess again opened the book, as usual, and noticing the additional paper, said : "I never saw that before."

"It was not thought necessary you should, Princess," I answered.

"I see I am nearer the throne than I thought."

"So it is, Madam," I said.

After some moments the Princess resumed : "Now many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but much responsibility."

The Princess having lifted up the forefinger of her little hand, saying, "I will be good, dear Lehzen, I will be good," I then said, "But your Aunt Adelaide is still young, and may have children; and of course they will ascend the throne after their father William IV., and not you, Princess."

The Princess answered : "And if that were so, I should never feel disappointed; for I know, by the love Aunt Adelaide bears me, how fond she is of children."

When Queen Adelaide lost her last daughter, she wrote to the Duchess of Kent : "My children are dead, but your child lives, and she is mine also."

Glancing at the page of Sir Walter Scott's diary for May 19, 1828, the Princess being nine years of age at that time, we read the following entry :

Dined with the Duchess of Kent. I was very kindly received by Prince Leopold, and presented to the little Victoria—the heir apparent to the crown, as things now stand. The little lady is educated with much care, and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, "You are the heir of England."

A tender consideration for others always distinguished the Princess, as it has ever characterized the Queen. There are many stories

told illustrative of this good trait. The following is one of the best :

The Princess "was in the habit of amusing herself by going incognito in a carriage to dif-



THE DUKE OF KENT, QUEEN VICTORIA'S FATHER.

ferent shops, and not only making purchases herself, but observing with interest the movements of others." One day she entered a London jeweler's. "There came into the jeweler's a young and intelligent lady, who was engaged in looking over different gold chains for the neck. She at length fixed upon one, but finding the price more than she expected, she regarded the chain very wistfully. 'Could it not be offered cheaper?' she inquired. 'Impossible,' was the reply. Reluctantly the disappointed young lady gave up all idea of the chain, and purchased a cheaper article.

"After she had left, the Princess, who had observed everything, inquired of the jeweler who she was; and on receiving satisfactory information, she ordered the much-admired chain to be packed up and sent to the young lady. A card was forwarded with it, with the intimation that the Princess Victoria had observed her prudence against strong temptation to the contrary, and that she desired her acceptance of the beautiful thing, and hoped that she would always persevere in purchasing only what she could afford."

Was the good Princess thinking of her own

early exercises in keeping within her income? Did she remember the pretty box at Ramsgate bazaar, and the judicious decision of her government in the matter?

The little Victoria was no dull-witted child. When she was about twelve years old she had been reading, as a classical lesson, the well-known story of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi: how upon an occasion she presented to the proud and ostentatious Roman dame who was wearing a wonderful array of diamonds and precious stones, her sons, with the words, "These are my jewels."

"She should have said my Cornelians," was Victoria's mischievous comment.

It was in May, 1836, that visitors from the continent arrived at Kensington Palace. They were the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, an uncle of the Princess, and his two sons, Ernest and Albert, cousins of Victoria. A pleasant month they spent in England—a month of "splendor and excitement," very different from the usual months passed in their own quiet home.

The following May was even more magnificent; for it was upon the twenty-fourth of that month, in the year 1837, that the Princess became legally of age, attaining her seventeenth birthday; and the whole nation rejoiced over the glad event.

The King himself was very ill; but kind messages were sent from Windsor, accompanied by the present of a beautiful piano, to the acknowledged "heir apparent." There was a state-ball that night at St. James's Palace. The King, of course, could not attend; and Queen Adelaide would not leave her husband's side.

The Princess Victoria succeeded to the throne upon the death of her uncle William IV., and

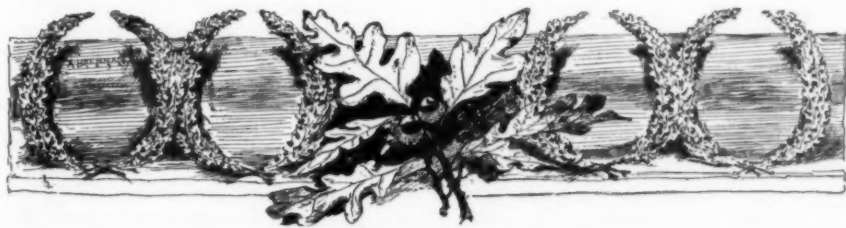
was crowned the next year, at the age of nineteen. Since her coronation the story of her happy reign has been part of the history of England.

The year 1897 celebrates the diamond jubilee of the reign of Britain's beloved Queen. For sixty years she has swayed the royal scepter with dignity and graciousness, and her name



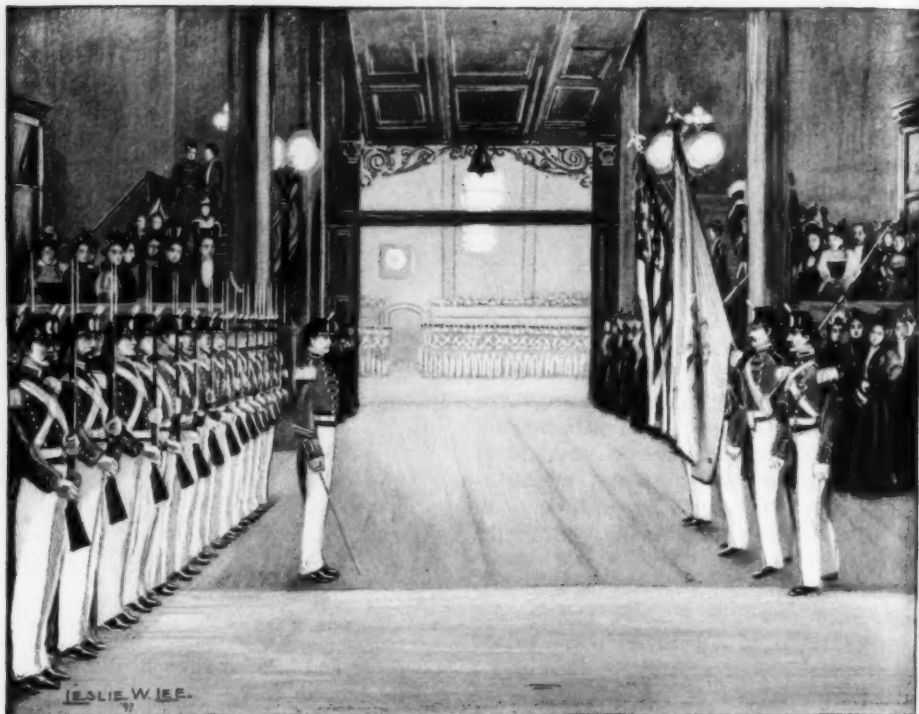
LEOPOLD I, KING OF THE BELGIANS—PRINCESS VICTORIA'S
"UNCLE LEOPOLD."

is honored and beloved throughout the length and the breadth of the British Empire. It is upon an occasion such as this that we fondly look back to the child-life of Victoria, when, as the young daughter of the widowed Duchess, she was so wisely trained for her great life-work.



HONORS TO THE FLAG IN CAMP AND ARMORY.

BY CHARLES SYDNEY CLARK.



GUARD SALUTING THE COLORS IN THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY, NEW YORK.

WHEN the tide of summer travel is flowing steadily up and down the beautiful Hudson, there are few boys and girls with sharp eyes who fail to notice, as they stand on the deck of the day-boat, two flags waving above the tree-tops at the right of the southern entrance to the Highlands. If their curiosity is aroused, and they borrow field-glasses and examine the flags more closely, they see under them gleams of white between the trees which indicate the presence of tents, and then they know they are looking at the famous State Camp of Instruction of the New York National Guard.

Here, for six weeks in summer, thousands of

young men live under canvas, learning how to defend their country in time of need. Their life in camp has often been described, and it is not of that I wish to tell, but of the lesson in patriotism and respect for their Colors which is taught to them every day of the time they spend there — a lesson which no American boy or girl can too soon learn.

There are few prettier sights anywhere than the parade which every evening, rain or shine, Sunday or week-day, occurs at the camp while it is open. In front of the city of tents, and to the south of it, running to the edge of the high bluff which abuts on Annsville Creek, is a wide

green plain; and there, every day, just before sunset, the line is formed. There are often in the camp from 1000 to 1200 men, a force four times as large as that usually stationed at an army post or at West Point, so that very few people in this country ever see a parade of so many soldiers at any other military post. As the troops march out of their company streets by columns of fours, in full-dress uniform with white trousers, every button and belt-plate and gun-barrel glittering, and form battalions, and then regimental or brigade line, the visitors who come from far and near to see the ceremony always seem to be delighted with the beauty of the picture before them.

Well they may be, for even in our own beautiful land there are not many landscapes more beautiful than that which forms the background. Behind the troops the Highlands tower up, darkly blue, and between them can be seen glimpses of the shining river. Just over the crest of the highest hill is the red orb of the setting sun, and the sunset hues paint with red, white, and blue the white tents closer at hand. Silence, unbroken except by the twitter of birds going to rest, and the mellow tones of the "Angelus" sounding out across the bay from a neighboring church, is over all. The plain seems like a great stage set with beautiful scenery for an impressive ceremony which man and nature await in silence.

And now the actors begin their parts. The sun's disk dips a little behind the mountain.

"Sir, bring your battalion to parade rest," commands the adjutant to the senior major, and then tells the drum-major to "sound off." The great band, with the field-music behind it, marches up and down the line, playing before the Colors, as of old minstrels played before the king. As soon as the band has returned to its place the drums and fifes strike up a sad, sweet air which long, long ago was sung in Scotland when war had taken away their bravest and best; and when this mournful air is finished the bugles play that beautiful "Retreat" which, like Great Britain's gun-fire, goes around the world every night; for it is played wherever our army or war-ships may be.

Meanwhile, three men from the guard have approached each flag-pole, and have loosened

the halyards ready to lower the garrison Colors and State ensign floating gently in the evening air over the heads of the troops. The sun disappears behind the mountain, the strains of "Retreat" die away, and "Fire!" cries an artillery sergeant. The big brass gun on the bluff spits out fire, a report like a peal of thunder echoes and reëchoes among the hills, and an answering roar from West Point, ten miles away, awakens the echoes up the river.

And now begins that part of the ceremony to which all the preceding has been a prelude. The troops are there, the band is there, the generals have all come from their tents, to honor the Colors.

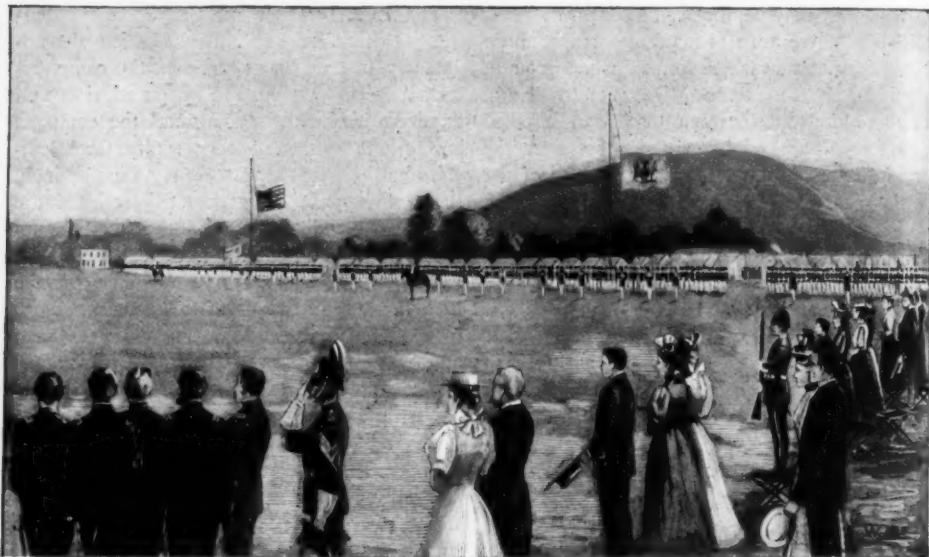
The band begins "The Star-Spangled Banner." "Battalions, attention!" orders the adjutant. Instantly every man in the camp, except those in the line and on guard, rises and uncovers his head. All around the camp, as far as one can see, every sentry faces outward and presents arms. Slowly, inch by inch, the Colors glide down the staffs, out of the evening glow into the shadow of the mountains, and as the notes accompanying the words "the home of the brave" are reached by the band, touch the hands of the waiting guard. The military day is over. There are few men and women or boys and girls there who will not always feel, after they have seen that farewell to the Flag, that they understand as they never did before why men will die to uphold a sentiment—to protect a "piece of bunting."

It is not only at parade that our citizen-soldiers show respect to their Colors: they do so on all proper occasions. Sometimes at State camps, and always at temporary camps, a color-line is located in front of the camp. A line of stacks of rifles is made, and across the two center stacks are laid the Regimental Colors. A guard of picked sentries is placed near the color-line, and they require every one, be he soldier or civilian, who crosses the line to remove his hat. Any one who does not is likely to have his hat knocked off, or to be arrested. Sentries always pay honors to "the Colors passing," in camp or armory; and officers and men not under arms always uncover when the Flag is carried past by other troops. An officer reviewing a regiment uncovers when passing the Col-

ors, and when the Colors pass him. Bringing the Colors to a regiment from the colonel's quarters is always an occasion of great ceremony. Sometimes an entire company is sent as escort, and when it returns the regiment presents arms, and the field-music plays "to the Colors." It stands at attention again when the Colors are taken back to the colonel.

In some regiments a ceremony is performed called "Swearing Allegiance to the Colors." The Flag is brought in by an escort, and placed in the center of a hollow square. Then the colonel speaks to the regiment of the duty it owes to the Flag; and at a signal each officer

less or ignorant people who have never realized what the Flag stands for. A few years ago, when St. NICHOLAS told of "Honors to the Flag,"* a man or woman in New York who rose in an armory at "retreat," or who saluted a regimental flag, would have been remarked. Now any one who does not do these things will soon be considered as unmannerly as a man who should wear his hat in the house or in church. Our boys and girls are taught in the public schools to "salute the Flag" at the opening exercises; and even the little Polish and Italian children, recently from Europe, bring up their little hands in salute when they see the Flag.



LOWERING THE COLORS. THE CEREMONY OF "RETREAT," IN THE STATE CAMP AT PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.

and man takes off his helmet, raises his hand, and swears to honor and defend the Flag. This ceremony is usually performed when a large number of recruits are for the first time in the ranks, and never fails to bring tears to the eyes of many—tears of which they should be proud.

All these evidences of honor and respect to the Colors make upon civilians an impression which is very deep; and gradually the Army and the National Guard are educating thought-

Sir Walter Besant, the eminent English novelist, said, when he went back to England after a visit here, that nothing he saw in America impressed him so deeply as the devotion of our young people to their Flag; that nowhere except among British soldiers had he seen such affection and respect for a national emblem; and that a nation which as a whole felt as we seemed to feel about our Colors from the time we left our mothers' knees, was one that could withstand the world in arms.

* See ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1891.

MISS NINA BARROW.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

[This story was begun in the February number.]

CHAPTER X.

DAYS AT AUBREY.

THE bell Nina had heard was for prayers, and the nursery emptied itself into the hall straightway, Nina borne along with the other children. Other currents flowed in from the different parts of the house and offices, and up from the basement, so that when they all reached the library—a fine old room with a Gothic ceiling, wainscoted, fairly lined with books, and having a window of stained glass at the end, setting forth richly the family arms—they found themselves quite a congregation. Nina was all eyes and ears. A brief, simple service followed, conducted by the head of the household, in which all joined. The servants then disappeared. The children also departed, after some pleasant talk with their parents.

"We go into the school-room now," said Catherine to Nina, as she drew on a pair of leather cuffs. "We all wear these to protect our pinafores—we rub out our elbows so dreadfully, you know, that we keep poor Har's nose to the grindstone as it is; but Mabel is excused this morning that she may do the honors of our dear Aubrey, and show you about. And this afternoon we are all going over to Ferneylea, a beautiful walk; and we shall stop at the Meadow Farm and drink new milk, and the boys will bring their butterfly-nets. It will be such fun! You have n't seen our collections yet, have you? Reggie collects birds and birds' eggs, and has got a specimen of nearly every one in Great Britain. He has been offered a lot of money for it; but, of course, he would n't sell it for the world. And Herbert collects shells from all over, everywhere. Some of them are most lovely! And dear little Teddy has begun to collect seaweed

—he 's only six. And Mabel, who is the most industrious and painstaking of us all, has got a herbarium that is thought uncommonly well selected and full. She always took to botany more than any of us, though we all like it, because we study it in the open air with papa. I do hope he will be able to come with us this afternoon. It is so delightful having him to spy out everything, and tell us about it. I collect crystals—much the most interesting of them all, I think; and mama gave me Ruskin's 'Ethics of the Dust' last week for my birthday. I hope we sha'n't quite tear you to pieces among us. We shall all like showing off our things to a cousin. It was so kind of you, dear Nina, to remember us; for some of us are n't your cousins at all—only Arthur and Mabel and Herbert and I, really. But I was so amused! Winifred insists that she *will* be your cousin. Have you got us all straight yet? I'm sure you have n't. This is the way we come: first, Arthur, who is quite grown; then Mabel, who is seventeen; then I come, sixteen; and Herbert, fourteen; then the boy twins, Reggie and Jack, eleven; Maude is ten; Winifred, eight; Gwen,—Gwendolen, of course,—seven; Teddy, six; Agnes, five; the girl twins in the nursery, Dinah and Deborah, are three; and darling baby, only four months old. Half of us are dark and half fair. You have n't seen the little ones yet, have you?"

"My goodness gracious alive! What a family!" ejaculated Nina.

"Oh, do you think so? We are not reckoned a large family. Papa was one of eighteen, and our Carter cousins in Buckinghamshire were twenty-three, papa says; there were nineteen of them living together in the house at one time—which is unusual," said Catherine. "Oh, I must show you baby. You never saw anything so dear as he is; his eyes are so blue, and his hair curls so sweetly, and he knows me

quite well. I long to do him a jacket, and Fräulein has kindly offered to help me; but I have n't got the money to buy the materials yet. My allowance is two shillings a week, and I don't have to keep myself in ribbons and gloves as the younger girls do; but somehow it does so run away! The more one gets, the more one wants. And we are all saving now for mama's birthday, which comes at Michaelmas. We've got our eye on a desk—a perfect beauty—but it is such a sum! Five-and-twenty shillings! I don't know that we shall be able to manage it."

"Well, your father must be poor, or else just as mean as they're made," commented Nina. "Why, that's nothing at all! Is that all you get? Why, I give a dollar a pound for candy when I'm at home, sometimes more; and I get just as much of it as ever I want. And I gave twenty-five dollars for my Paris doll, and fifteen dollars for my Berlin doll; and ten dollars does n't last *me* a week, sometimes. I buy whatever I want, and don't ask anybody. And it's a perfect shame of them to treat you so! I would n't stand it one single minute. Grandy would n't like to try it. And dressing you so, too! I guess it's all because she's your step-mother. Making you wear those plain dresses and long aprons! I'd like to see her get 'em on *me*!"

"Are you speaking of *mama*?" asked Catherine, aghast; and added with dignity, if heat, "because if you are, *mama* is the dearest, kindest, best mother that anybody ever had, and I can't allow you to say such things, if you *are* my cousin. And I can't think what you mean by talking so of my dress, my allowance. Papa is most generous to us. I have all that is suitable or needful for my age and station—that other girls of my rank have. I have two school-room frocks, one for church wear, two afternoon walking-dresses, one for tennis, one for the evening and little parties. What more could one want? I am not a dressmaker's doll, and have no wish to dress like one. I am a lady, and a lady is not judged by her dress—though my dress *is* that of a lady. Papa is *not* poor. He is the richest man in the county, and has three places besides this. But that is no reason for bringing us up to be wasteful

and extravagant. Next to being good women, papa's great wish is that we should be useful and helpful and practical ones. Besides, if we were to spend everything on ourselves, how should we be able to help others, pray? Mabel has only just got her first silk gown, and will have no more than we until she comes out regularly, and is presented to the Queen."

"Why, I've got thirty-two dresses in all," said Nina; "and twenty-six pairs of silk stockings, and three dozen embroidered handkerchiefs, and two elegant lace ones, and five fans,—two of them ostrich feathers just like Miss Miller's,—and just stacks of jewelry and things."

"Oh! Nina, how vul—" Catherine stopped, clapped her hand impulsively over her mouth, and blushed furiously. An embarrassing silence followed. She went on hesitatingly, "I can't think what you want with them—do with them—a child like you! What more could you have when you get to be a young lady, or a married woman? Mabel will have mama's laces when she marries, and they are immensely old and valuable; and I am to have my Grandmother Gordon's jewels, which are valued at twelve thousand pounds, and are quite magnificent; but we should never dream of wearing such things now: most of them will be laid aside until we marry, if we do marry. Do all American children dress so—richly?"

"No, indeed! They have n't the money, most of them; and some have mothers like Louise Compton's, who won't let them wear things. But I guess you'd be stylish if you could, Catherine. Belle Dixon—she's a girl at our school—I hate her—we don't speak; and yet she gives it up that I'm the most stylish girl in school. And so I am, and I always mean to be. I don't care what anybody says—the English or anybody else," said Nina, who had not been deaf to Catherine's reserves of disapproval, or blind to the fact that she was a critic criticized.

"If by 'stylish' you mean in the very latest fashion, you are mistaken. I shall never greatly care for that. If I am not conspicuous or untidy, it is all that matters, *mama* says. There's Fräulein; I must go. I hope you won't be dull by yourself. Mabel will come

to you as soon as she has written out her German verb. But we've very nearly quarreled, have n't we? And all about nothing. Good-by," replied Catherine, smiling quite good-naturedly again.

Nina went to her room, and soon after it began to occur to her that she was hungry; so she gave the bell-rope a brisk jerk that landed Jane in front of her as abruptly and quickly as if it had been a fishing-line, and the maid a fish already on the hook.

"Jane," said Nina, "bring me some ice-cream right away—a plateful. I like vanilla best. And some cake. And hurry up; I'm hungry."

"If you please, miss, what was you pleased to horder?" said Jane, curtsying of course, and looking quite as puzzled as she really was. Nina repeated her sentence.

"Will I bring your bowl of bread and milk now?" asked Jane, still at sea.

"No," said Nina shortly.

"Beggin' pardon, miss, what was the name I was to hask for?" said Jane, completely perplexed. Nina again repeated the order.

"Thank you, miss," said Jane, catching the word this time, and not understanding any more than at first, but not daring to ask any more questions.

"What are you thanking me for? I'm sure I have n't given you anything," said Nina; but Jane was gone on her quest. And a quest it was.

First she spoke to the upper housemaid, who consulted Nurse, who advised speaking to one of the under footmen, who referred it to another, who laid the matter before the butler, who solemnly went into secret session with the housekeeper, who submitted the question to Mrs. Aubrey. "Collins thinks, ma'am, as the young lady means ices," said the housekeeper; "and there's none in the house, nor likely to be soon, there being no large dinners to prepare for, unless ordered special. And what would you wish done about it?"

"Oh, let Jane take her up some cake. Stay, Nurse has a nice wholesome seed-cake for the children; she will send up a couple of slices if Jane asks her to," suggested the mistress. This suggestion was carried out.

"Where's my ice-cream?" said Nina, when Jane reappeared.

"If you please, miss, there ain't any, which Mrs. Browser she do say as 'ow it's *hices* you mean, and them not made or thought of in the house, never, at this hour," said Jane, respectfully.

"Then why don't you send somebody to town and get some?" said Nina, to whom ice-cream was as daily bread, not at all unusual, but a staple article of food.

"To Stoke-Pottleton, miss?" asked Jane in astonishment.

"Yes, of course. How far is it?"

"Seven miles, miss; some says seven and a 'arf."

"All right. Send somebody."

"I'll harsk about it, miss. Will you be pleased to 'ave a slice of this cake?"

"No, I won't. What's it made of? It looks horrid. I want a great big slice of fruit-cake."

"Miss?"

"*Fruit-cake! Fruit-cake!* Did you never hear of fruit-cake before?"

"Not to my knowledge, miss. I'll go see; thank you."

"What are you thanking me for *now*?"

"Miss?"

"Oh, go along!" cried Nina, exasperated.

"Thank you, miss," said Jane, and went along. Fresh consultations followed. She returned. "If you please, miss, it's not to be thought of, my mistress says—she's very sorry—all that way just for *hices*, and not to be 'ad then, as like as not. I was to say as your dinner would be served punctual at one; and there's bread and butter, and cold porridge and milk, if you'd like it and are really 'ungry. And if it's black cake you mean, there's not a slice in the 'ouse, and most unwholesome w'en 'ere."

"I don't want them! *Bread! Milk! Porridge!* You must be crazy, Jane. I want something fit to eat. I never saw such a place as England, never! What *do* you live on?"

"Miss?"

"What are you standing there for? Go away!" said Nina angrily, and Jane obeyed; and Nina ran off to see her grandy, whom she

found still in bed, with a lovely bouquet beside her, sent up by Donaldson the gardener, and a beautiful basket of fruit, which Nina promptly devoured for her. Her grandy was all sympathy with her woes, and said: "I can't understand it. Everything that I could desire is prepared for me so kindly and cheerfully, and everybody so attentive. I never saw anything like it. But don't complain, darling. Pass it over,—won't you?—and I'll get a big fruit-cake from Stoke-Pottleton as soon as I can, and keep it in here, and give you as much as you want, without your needing to ask anybody."

When Mabel was free to do so, she came for Nina and took her about to see the place. First they went around in front to get the stately effect of the façade; then to the rose-garden, the Pleasance, where Nina soon lost herself in a most ingeniously constructed maze, out of which there was no getting without the clue; then to the fish-pond; then to feed the peacocks, to paddle about on the lake in a pretty white-and-gold boat called the "Daisy," to stroll awhile on the edge of the park, to see the children's numerous pets, from Shetland ponies to white mice; and at last to the hothouse, where Mabel, being anxious to look after some plants of her own, left Nina to her own devices for about fifteen minutes.

What was her horror, on returning, to find Nina with a circle of Donaldson's choicest flowers stuck all around her hat, in the band, and a huge bunch of his most sacred grapes in her hand, half consumed! She stopped short in sheer amazement.

"Here, I'll get you a bunch; they're good. This is my third," said Nina; and jumping up as she spoke, she seized the vine, tearing it away from some of its supports, and breaking off a fourth fine cluster, she held it out to her cousin with the utmost nonchalance, saying: "I'll get you another presently."

"Oh! Nina! Stop! Stop! Don't! What have you done? What *will* Donaldson say? *Papa* would n't dare, scarcely! Four, did you say? Oh, dear! How dreadful! There he comes now." She half turned to fly, and looked thoroughly disturbed, while Nina composedly held her ground, saying:

"Why, what are they for, but to eat? They

are not Donaldson's, are they? It's none of his business, as far as I see."

"No, of course not; except that he is in charge of everything here, and it is his business to see that nothing is touched or cut, except by himself. Dear me! I hope mama will not think me in fault, bringing you here. It is n't Donaldson I mind,—it's *papa*!"

"Uncle Edward, here's Mabel making a great fuss because I took a few grapes and flowers. And they are yours, are n't they? And you don't care, do you? It's all nonsense, is n't it? Why, we give bushels upon bushels of grapes and melons away to all our neighbors in America; and the peaches are so thick on the ground that even the pigs can't eat them all. And I never heard of such a thing; and if you don't like it, I'll go home again where there's plenty for everybody, and leave England, where nobody's got anything but somebody that can't have anything, like you. I don't see what good it all does you, if you are afraid to enjoy it; and it might as well not be yours at all. And I'm mad as fire with Mabel for being so mean, when I thought she was so nice. And I would n't treat *her* this way if she was in *my* country. And I don't care if I did!" blurted out Nina vehemently and rather tearfully toward the close of her speech.

Mr. Aubrey looked at the two girls, took in the situation, having been in America and being, besides, a most genial and kindly man, and soon made it right for both. "Oh, never mind, never mind! I see how it is. I will explain to Donaldson," he said. He then kissed Nina, and told her that she should have fruit when she wanted it, only, another time, it must come through certain channels, for good reasons; and when she pressed him to explain, and learned that she had consumed forty shillings' worth of grapes, five of peaches, and had rare blossoms to the value of three pounds at that moment in her garden-hat, even Nina perceived that in the matter of some fruits and flowers England was not America. But she was angry, and made no sort of apology. She resentfully snatched the lovely orchids out of her hat and threw them away, saying:

"I don't want your old flowers! I can *buy*

fifty times as many, and lots prettier, if I want them!" and ran with angry haste back into the house. Mabel went after her good-naturedly, and when peace was made sight-seeing was resumed. They saw the picture-gallery, the family portraits, tapestries, wood-carving, art treasures; the old square entrance-hall with the huge fireplace about which the men-at-arms and servants used to gather; and the enormous leather, silver-rimmed flagons above it, out of which they used to drink ale; and above that again, a demand for the surrender of Aubrey from Cromwell; "Prince Rupert's Room," "Queen Catherine's Room," and all the notable features of the old place; and the small but beautiful chapel which was being restored.

"Oh, papa, you were so good! I can't think how she *could* do it. And she is as vexed as though *we* were in fault! I was never so mortified," said Mabel to her father, that evening.

"Well, well, the child is spoiled, no doubt about that; but she does not understand that there is such a proverb as *Autre pays autres mœurs*. Everything abounds so in America, and they are such a generous, lavish people, that she cannot imagine how different it is in England. And, undisciplined as she is, there is something very winning about her. Come, let's have a look at the kennels," he replied, and met Donaldson there, who bore the awful news fairly well, and being told of American abundance, said:

"Ech! What a *wicked* country to live in! I'd not live in sech a place for the world; it's worse than the Garden of Eden, sir, for gardeners."

The day was destined to be a failure for Nina throughout. Dinner came, indeed; but not the meal she had expected. Fräulein took the head of the table, and beamed kindly upon everybody through her tinted glasses. Nurse took the foot, supported as usual by Jane, while one of the footmen, in the handsome livery of the family, condescended to light up the other end of the apartment, evidently under protest. The dinner consisted of a plain roast of mutton and two vegetables, followed by a simple pudding, the whole served with all possible formality and refinement. Sweet little

Agnes said grace, as at breakfast; and the children waited patiently to be served, each in turn, ate as heartily as before, found no fault, were very meek about asking for "a second help" of gravy, and were required to eat their crusts by Nurse, who would allow no pudding to Winifred because she would not eat the more solid part of her meal "properly." There was not much talk, and no noise. Little Dinah and Deborah, in two high chairs, used their forks and spoons with the grace of little ladies of twenty.

Marian, who was present, was curious to see how Nina would be affected by all this, and noticed that she sat up very straight, and was very stiff and ill at ease, but cleverly adapted her own highly eccentric table-manners to those of her neighbors, and ate a reasonable share of what was provided. The dinner, if plain, was well cooked; and Nina, really hungry now, and harnessed like a fractious Eskimo dog in a team of sober Trays, gave in for the time, and did as her neighbors were doing without protest or comment. "Maybe they'll have something good for supper," she thought, meaning something rich.

"Arthur is going with us," Catherine whispered to her as they rose from the table. "And papa and mama, too. Is n't that jolly? And Di and Deb too, dear little things!"

When Nina was ready she went down-stairs to join the party, which consisted of the whole family, except the baby. She saw Mabel and Catherine exchange glances as she stood on the step putting on her six-button mousquetaire gloves, and wrinkling them down about the wrists, and arranging her bangle bracelets outside. She wore a silk dress, carried a parasol, and was generally got up as for a stroll on a city avenue. Her boots were of the finest French kid, and had high French, Louis Quatorze heels. Her hat was a Leghorn with a long white plume in it. The cousins wore plain serge frocks and water-proof jackets. Their boots were stout, thick-soled, with low, flat heels; their hats, of plain straw, trimmed with simple ribbons; their gloves, stout gauntlets made in the village. Nina thought they had "no style at all," and "wondered how they could dress so." She would have been sur-

prised to know that they were wondering exactly the same thing about her.

"The Americans are all lazy, and can't walk a bit. You won't get far, got up in that swag-gers suit, Nina," said Teddy mockingly to her as he passed by and glanced at her.

"The Americans can walk as well as the English — as well as *anybody*," said Nina, flushing angrily; "and they are *not* lazy at all! And you 'll see if I don't keep up, that 's all!"

"Dapple," a donkey with panniers, was now brought round. Di and Deb were brought down by Nurse, and packed into them, and given into the charge of the nursery-maid. Arthur lounged out languidly when all the children were assembled, eager, excited, noisy, armed with baskets and butterfly-nets; Reggie mounted on his bicycle, because, as he declared, it was the only thing that made Dapple go. Fräulein and Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey now joined the party. The latter looked a little involuntary surprise when she saw Nina; and noticing it, Nina said testily:

"What is it, aunt?"

"Nothing, dear; only your dress — I really fear it may be spoiled. It is very nice — very nice indeed for some occasions, but not quite the thing for country walks; however —" She and Mr. Aubrey started, taking the lead.

"Come walk with me, Nina," said Arthur kindly; and she did so.

Dapple put his ears forward and walked off in a low-spirited way until he heard Reggie's bicycle behind him, when he trotted away in the briskest possible fashion, amid the children's laughter and cheers.

"I should like to hear Dapple's opinion of children," said Mrs. Aubrey.

The walk had begun. For some time Nina found it very pleasant to be of the large, merry party. Fräulein and Mrs. Aubrey and Arthur and Mabel all chatted agreeably. The boys caught not only butterflies, but a great variety of insects of one kind or other. Di and Deb were full of prattle and pretty ways, and Nina had quite fallen in love with them. Mr. Aubrey was always finding some stone, or plant, or flower, or other object which was of interest, or which he contrived to make so, and would take out a good hand-microscope, while

the children all gathered around him, and talk to them with great spirit and intelligence of the wonders and beauties it made visible, in the simplest and most genial way in the world.

Arthur asked many questions about America and Nina's life there, and told her of himself, and helped her over the stiles, and showed himself as kindly and considerate as he was modest and manly. Nina noticed many things with all her own keenness: the children seemed to know and love every foot of the country; to have eyes for spying out birds' nests, snake-holes, rabbit-warrens, flowers, grasses, mosses, lichens, fungi, and what not. They seemed to know so much about them, too, and were surprised when Nina asked what kind of a tree an elm was; for they knew every tree in the wood, and most of the bushes and shrubs. Admirable order was preserved, for all their gaiety.

For either parent it was evidently necessary only to speak to be obeyed; and their wishes were as binding as commands. Indeed, to be allowed to "carry mama's shawl," "hold papa's hand," walk with or near them, share in or hear their talk, was regarded, she could see, as a privilege; and much she marveled. And yet there was no stiffness or gloom, only a wholesome restraint, and the greatest activity, cheerfulness, mutual good-will, and exchange of little helpful courtesies between all the party. All was law and order in the Aubrey household; but all was love, too, and the result was a kind of liberty and happiness such as can be found only where these are combined, and of which Nina, alas! had had no experience. She had thought her cousins quite rustic and primitive — amazingly so, when their surroundings and advantages were considered — compared with herself; but as she observed and listened, she was forced, rather unwillingly, to accord them her respect. It was impossible not to like them, too. Mabel was so pretty and pleasant; Arthur so polite; Catherine so kind and well-bred; Winifred so jolly; the boys so full of fun, and yet such little gentlemen withal; the twins so irresistible. Even Fräulein Hochzeiter was most amiable; and although Mrs. Aubrey was no more "stylish" than her daughters, and had her hair brushed back plainly from her temples, and wore generally plain dark silks with-

out so much as a bit of lace, and linen collars, she was "just perfectly lovely," Nina said to herself.

And who could be more friendly and jolly and kind and clever than Uncle Edward—delightful Uncle Edward! So, as I have said, she found it pleasant to be with them; but after they had walked and walked and walked, she began to feel tired. It was no joke to go "teetering" along on two tall pegs of heels over country roads, across plowed fields and meadows, down lanes, over uplands, uphill, down-hill, around hills, tramp, tramp, tramping on, and on, and on, and on! But she was ashamed to say so, and she kept on, getting more lame every moment, and groaning inwardly in spirit. But she was pluckily determined that she would not be beaten. All the others seemed as fresh as when they had started; and at last she felt that she must know how much more there would be to endure.

"Have n't we almost got there?" she asked of Arthur, as if merely desirous of knowing as a matter of general information.

"Oh, no; we've come only about two and a half miles. Let me see; that copse ahead is about half-way—it is a good five to Ferney-lea," replied Arthur cheerfully. It never once occurred to him that anybody could be tired after "a little walk of two or three miles." And Teddy was close by, and had heard. Poor Nina could only plod on. It seemed to her that they would simply never stop; and after that she walked all the rest of the way in great pain, grim, silent, her face set and flushed, her mouth rigid—she would not give in after what had happened, "not if I die for it!" she thought, with her usual exaggeration. At last they pushed through a hedge, and came to a halt in the orchard of Meadow Farm; and Nina sank down on the grass with unspeakable thankfulness, and heard with unspeakable wonder Winifred bantering Catherine for a race. The children, delighted, scattered all over the place. Nina could hardly move. Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey went in to have a word with their tenant.

"Come to the barn-yard! Come see the cows! Come gather flowers! Come romp in the haycocks! If we behave properly, we are always allowed to gather the eggs, and go

in the dairy, and feed the poultry!" they cried to her; but Nina only asked to be left where she had dropped. "Come see the mastiff!" they cried from afar. "Oh, Nina, we can see the bees making honey!" But she did not stir. Wild with delight, they ran here and there and everywhere. Arthur put Di and Deb up in the cherry-trees. He carried Agnes around pickaback and on all fours. He rigged up in no time a boat for Teddy to launch in the brook. He made flower-chains for three of them. He played "rounders" with the boys, and fed Dapple with carrots. He joked and chaffed, and was no longer the dignified young gentleman who had been talking of Oxford.

Nina, somehow, felt as sore in mind as in body, while she looked on; felt out in the cold, deserted, although it was by her own wish that she had been abandoned. It began raining as she lay there, and before Arthur could come dashing up from a far pasture, where he was looking at a colt, and wrap her in his mackintosh, she was cold and chilled, her dress and parasol were "all spotted and spoiled," and her fine feathers "all uncurled and perfectly absurd," she told herself. No one else seemed to mind the rain a whit more than the walk, and it was quite half an hour before there was any talk of going home.

Mrs. Hodge, the farmer's neat little wife, then came out, and was followed by all the party into the barn-yard, where "Buttercup," the handsome, straight-backed cow, was milked.

"Come get a glass of new milk, Nina," called Catherine, in last appeal; and finding she did not respond even to this, Herbert good-naturedly ran across with a glass for her, saying: "Only see, how delicious! All foaming! Just milked! Is n't it a treat?"

"No, it is n't; *a glass of milk!*" said Nina, with fine scorn. "Are you going to stay here all night? I'm not going to, I can tell you; and I've had the horridest, stupidest time that ever was!"

Herbert said he was sorry. She heard the others rapturously praising the new milk as if it had been nectar, and thanking Mrs. Hodge warmly for being so kind. She felt as cross as two sticks; but Arthur came up just then,

handsome and smiling, and saying, "Nina, you are looking *tired*, do you know? You are not to walk home. Dapple could almost carry us all, and I'll just put you between the chicks and make you comfortable." This he did, and walked beside her all the way, talking cheerily.

But for all that, it was a desperately tired, crumpled, vexed Nina that arrived at Aubrey just before dark; and when Catherine cried out, "Oh, Nurse, such a nice little walk and delightful afternoon it's been!"

Nina could scarcely believe her ears. If that was their idea of a little walk, what would they call a long one? And a nice afternoon, truly!

"Perhaps we can have another to-morrow, children," said Mrs. Aubrey as she went in-doors; and there was a general answering chorus of "*Thank you, mama!*"

And, finally, there was only bread and milk and porridge and "treacle" for tea, with an egg for Nina, if she liked, which she did n't. She thought it dreadful, and she so hungry, too!

(To be continued.)

She pouted visibly, and Nurse said politely, "I'm afraid we've not got what you like, miss."

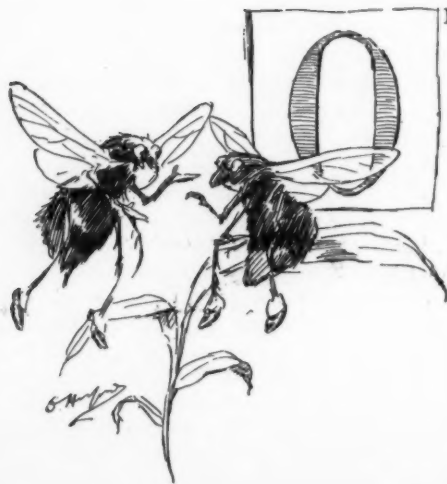
"No, you have n't. I want something that's fit to eat, something *nice*,—lobster-salad with mayonnaise sauce, or deviled crabs, or plum-pudding, or *something!*" burst out Nina hotly. "I'm perfectly starved!"

The children, electrified by this stupendous demand, stared as if Nina had suddenly developed horns and cloven hoofs.

"My word, miss! Lobster-salad! Plum-pudding! For you—at this time of night?" exclaimed Nurse. "You must be mad! Lobster-salad! Plum-pudding for a child going to bed shortly! It's perfectly wicked to mention it, and you'll get nothing of the sort in this house, I can tell you. And it's amazed I am that you should ask for the like. I'd as lief give you poison! Plum-pudding! Lobster-salad, indeed! Poison! Fiddlesticks!" cried horrified Nurse.

A FATUOUS FLOWER.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.



NCE on a time a Bumblebee

Addressed a Sunflower. Said he:

"Dear Sunflower, tell me is it true
What everybody says of you?"

Replied the Sunflower: "Tell me, pray,
How should I know what people say?
Why should I even care? No doubt
'T is some ill-natured tale without
A word of truth; but tell me, Bee,
What *is* it people say of me?"

"Oh, no!" the Bee made haste to add;
"T is really not so very bad.

I got it from the Ant. She said
She'd *heard* the Sun had turned your head,
And that whene'er he walks the skies
You follow him with all your eyes
From morn till eve—"



"Oh, what a shame!"
Exclaimed the Sunflower,
afame,



"To say such things of me! They *know*
The very opposite is so.

"They know full well that it is *he*—
The *Sun*—who always follows me.

I turn away my head until
I fear my stalk will break; and still
He tags along from morn till night,
Starting as soon as it is light,
And never takes his eyes off me
Until it is too dark to see!
They really ought to be ashamed.
Soon they'll be saying I was named
For him, when well they know 't was he
Who took the name of Sun from me."

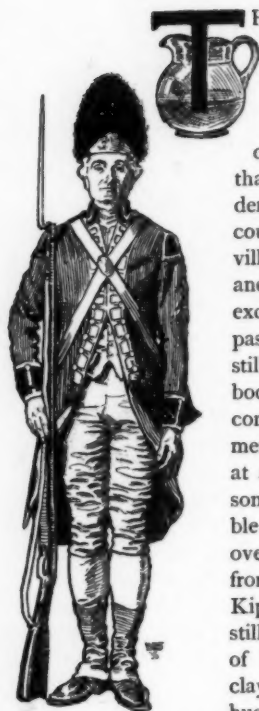
The Sunflower paused, with anger dumb.
The Bee said naught, but murmured,
"*H'm!*"

'T was very evident that he
Was much impressed—this Bumblebee.
He spread his wings at once and flew
To tell some other bees he knew,
Who, being also much impressed,
Said, "*H'm!*" and flew to tell the rest.

And now if you should chance to see,
In field or grove, a Bumblebee,
And hear him murmur, "*H'm!*" then you
Will know what he's alluding to.

THE ROUND GLASS PITCHER.

BY CONDIT CRANE.



THE September sun shone powerfully on a tranquil and beautiful scene as Harry Maine rested on the wooded knoll that crowned Mr. Alderman De Lancey's country-seat beyond the village of Greenwich, and thought over the exciting scenes of the past week. In his ears still reverberated the booming which had come from the English men-of-war now in view at anchor in the Hudson River, and the rumble which had swept over the sweet fields from the fleet lying in Kip's Bay. In his eyes still lingered the glitter of bayonets and pipe-clay, and the vivid hues of red which had seemed to burn them as he had watched horse, foot, cannon, and all march down the Bouwerie road into the good town of New York.

Oh, if he were only a man, like his father! Then during the past summer he too might have been a member of Washington's family, and have clanked in and out of the headquarters, near by, important with despatches, instead of having played around the grounds on sufferance as a boy. Oh, if he were only a man, like his father! He might now be with the patriot army on Harlem Heights, instead of being left behind with his grandfather, good old Gabriel Maine, the Quaker preacher, whom Whig

and Tory alike loved, and whom the Alderman himself had promised to protect.

Well, well, it was a comfort to be under the care of Ruth's father, fussy old loyalist though he was. And Aunt Tabitha *was* kind, though she never looked as if she intended to be, and even Mary the maid was good-natured, though she did give herself such airs. And could days be happier than those which Ruth and he were spending together, free to roam through her father's plantation and the deserted headquarters, with all the tumults of the city as far removed as the smoke on the horizon?

But yet, why should n't a boy be able to do something in this time of noble action? Though strength was lacking, were not his wits nimble? Had not his former tutor often called him an "Interrogation Point," and, even while teasing, had he not praised the desire to gain and use knowledge? "That's right, Harry," the wise man had said. "Remember in this universe every effect has its cause, every question its answer. The sun shines and the birds sing, though eyes and ears be closed."

"Harry! oh, Harry!" came a clear call from the garden's maze.

"Here am I, Ruth," responded the lad, springing to his feet, with rest and reverie alike forgotten; and a moment later a pretty little colonial maid with eyes wide-spread from excitement came panting up the slope.

"Oh, Harry," cried Ruth De Lancey, "I fear there is trouble over at the cottage. I saw a British sergeant stop there a few moments ago, and father says he's looking for quarters."

"But your father promised to protect grandfather," began Harry indignantly.

"And so he would, if he could. Father is so distressed; he says the conduct of the British troops is enough to make all good citizens forget their allegiance. They act as if New York were a conquered rather than a loyal town;

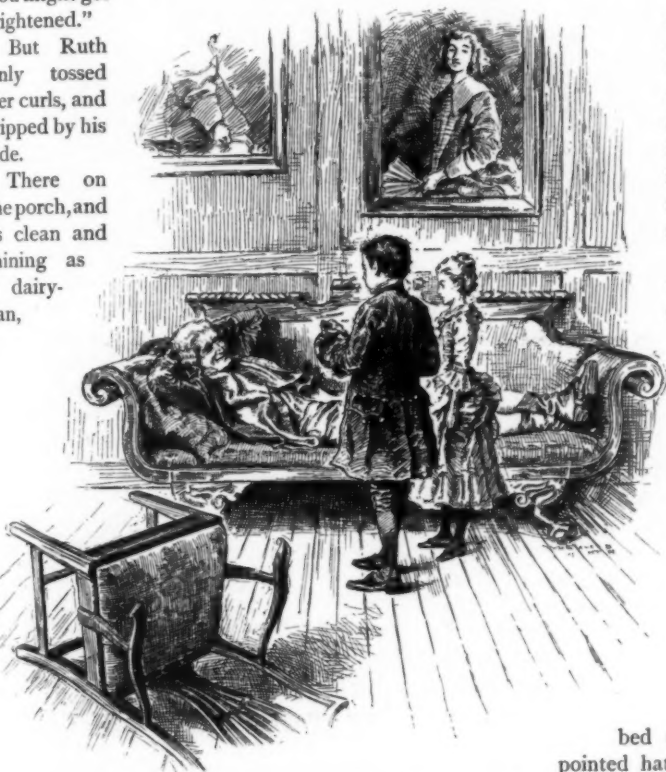
and though he has protested, he is only laughed at."

"My father would say," retorted Harry proudly, "that the time for protests hath gone by. But come, Ruth, I must to the house. Think of poor grandfather with a common soldier among his books! Think of Aunt Tabitha's spotless sheets and curtains!" And away the children ran, down the shady incline, through the garden, quaint yet elegant, and past the mansion wherein the worthy Alderman found rural peace. Across the lane was a vine-clad cottage, nestling among oak and chestnut trees.

"Wait, Ruth," said Harry stoutly; "for you might get frightened."

But Ruth only tossed her curls, and tripped by his side.

There on the porch, and as clean and shining as a dairy-pan,



"UPON THE LOUNGE A RED-FACED MAN, STALWART AND SOLDIERLY, WAS CARELESSLY RECLINING."

stood Aunt Tabitha, her hair drawn all the tauter for trouble.

"Here, boy; you are never around when you are wanted," she snapped. "There 's a great

lazy hunk of a Britisher quartered in the best room, and you are out mooning through the lanes. Fetch the man some fresh water from the spring. He looks as if he needed it."

Harry took the round glass pitcher, and obeyed without a word, aghast at the misfortune which had come on that quiet household. A British soldier in the "best" room, wherein Ruth and he had never ventured, though once and again through the half-open door they had peered on its twilight-toned and lavender-scented order! Would this dauntless man dare to disturb the precision of its furniture, or the slant of its closely drawn blinds?

Up the stairs the children stole, and rapped on the front room door. "Come in," answered a voice, rough but not churlish; and as they entered, with Ruth clinging timidly to Harry's sleeve, this is what they saw:

The front and side windows were wide open, letting in through the former a rush of air, and through the latter a glare of sunlight. Not far from an overturned chair—oh, poor, distraught Aunt Tabitha!—was lying a heavy knapsack. Upon the lounge a red-faced man, stalwart and soldierly, was carelessly reclining, with his belts and leggings loosened. On the

bed opposite was his high, pointed hat, with regimental symbol and number; and across the foot, his ponderous musket, polished and oiled as if fresh from the armory.

With a true boy's sharpness of interest, Harry noticed that the flint had been removed; but he saw at the same time that there was powder

about the priming-pan. The piece was evidently loaded.

"I 've brought some fresh water for you, sir," faltered the lad.

The soldier looked up drowsily, yet good-naturedly. "All right, younker," he growled. "Set it down somewhere—oh, anywhere. I 'm that fagged I must snooze, now that air and sunlight have got the stuffiness out of these 'ere desirable quarters. So run along, youngsters, and don't bother, and keep quiet, so I can get a nap."

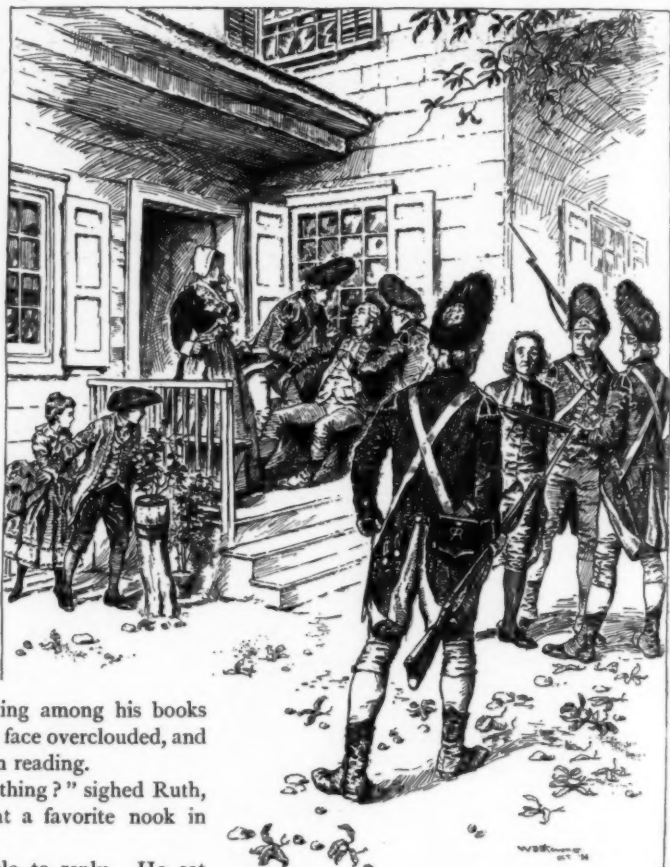
Harry placed the pitcher on the projecting end of the mantel nearest to the side window, drew Ruth close to his side, and hurried from the rude presence. As the children passed through the corridor, they caught a glimpse of the good old Quaker sitting among his books in the rear room, his mild face overclouded, and his eyes dim, but not from reading.

"Is n't war a dreadful thing?" sighed Ruth, as they dejectedly sought a favorite nook in the orchard.

Harry was too miserable to reply. He sat on the bench, with his head on his arm, vainly thinking how he might help his grandfather and aunt in their stress. But what could he—what indeed could the Continental army—do against the mighty power of the British? They were here and there and everywhere. Out in the harbor lay their great ships; in the churches and college buildings their garrisons were quartered; and now they were occupying private houses, and driving women and children from their homes; and even here, out in the country, the song of the birds was stilled by their martial notes; for—hark! was not that the fife and

the drum playing the good old tune of "Over the Hills and Far Away"?

Harry and Ruth sprang upon the bench and



"SURROUNDED BY THE THREATENING SOLDIERS, THE GOOD QUAKER REMAINED CALM IN THE PRESENCE OF DANGER."

looked. There, marching blithely along the lane was a company of redcoats, with the colors of their accoutrements smartly contrasting.

"They 're bound to Washington's former headquarters," said Ruth. "'T is there your sergeant belongs."

"You may have some of them quartered in your house," reflected Harry gloomily.

Shrilly piped the fife and bravely rattled the drum as the troops paced on. The dust of their raising had just settled in front of the cot-

tage, the children were about to climb down, when there came a report — sudden, sharp, and single. The music ceased; the soldiers, to quick commands, faced about, for a moment stood expectant, and then, as loud cries reëchoed, broke into a run for the Quaker's dwelling. The children looked at each other with faces pale from an unknown dread, and then, without a word, hurried hand in hand to the scene of confusion.

But a moment had been this delay, and yet much had occurred. On the porch stood poor Aunt Tabitha wringing her hands and murmuring in distress. Near by, supported by two comrades, was the sergeant, with a deep, dingy drip of red from his left shoulder, while, surrounded by the threatening soldiers, the good old Quaker remained calm in the presence of danger.

"Fall in!" came the command. The ranks of a hollow square were quickly formed, with the prisoner and the wounded man in the center; bayonets were fixed and threatened from every side; and off marched the company.

"Oh, auntie," sobbed Harry, "what has happened? What has grandfather done?"

"Done? — the innocent lamb!" moaned the spinster; "naught save to bind the wounds of the afflicted. He heard that report, and rushed into the room only to be accused of having shot his guest. Done? Don't ask me. When has he done aught but strive to love his enemy and render good for evil?" and she hurried away.

From Mary, the maid, the children learned that the sergeant's story to his comrades was that he had fallen asleep, and had been awakened by the report and pain to find himself wounded in the shoulder, and his host standing over him with the smoking gun in his hands. "Of course," continued the girl, "poor, dear master had picked up the horrid thing on entering the room, in his amazement at not catching sight or sound of the assassin."

"But there was no flint," stammered the bewildered Harry.

"Nonsense!" retorted Mary; and "Nonsense!" repeated Mr. Alderman De Lancey that night when the distressful story was told to him. "Guns don't fire themselves," he concluded sagely; "the fellow was drunk, in all probability, and shot himself; but he'll stick to

his accusation of good brother Maine, and for a civilian to assault a soldier means sharp, quick punishment. I'll see what I can do; but I fear 't is little."

There was little sleep in either house that night, and the news which the Alderman gained in the morning brought slight relief. The old Quaker was to be tried by military commission the following day. His character, so the commanding officer had said, but aggravated his offense. There was need of an example, that the disaffected might know how terrible was the weight of Britain's right arm.

Again the children met in the orchard, Harry deep in thought, Ruth ready with sympathy.

"Oh, why can't I do something?" the boy kept repeating. "There must be some explanation for what happened. The soldier was wounded, the gun was fired, and it did n't fire itself; and grandfather never did such a thing, though it was smoking in his hands. There can be no effect without a cause, my tutor used to say; oh, why can't I find out that cause?"

"What else used he to say?" asked Ruth, chiefly to keep Harry talking.

"Why, he said that there should be no such thing as a mystery; for whatever happened would be sure to happen again under the same circumstances."

"And all that means, dear Harry —?"

"Why," the boy answered slowly, "if the day was the same, and the room was the same, and the gun and grandpa there, and the sergeant asleep — why, then — why, then, the shot would be fired."

"But the day is the same," replied Ruth eagerly; "just as bright and hot as yesterday. And we can fix the room precisely as it was. Why should n't we go up there and see if then something would n't happen?" And so the two children, strong in simple faith and a desire to be helpful, crept up unnoticed into the room.

Aunt Tabitha had already been there, too good a housekeeper to let grief interfere with duty, and the room had been darkened. Harry threw open the sashes and blinds, and in streamed the sunlight and in rushed the breeze.

"Now, Ruth," he said, "you sit there on the bed where the gun rested, while I lie down in the soldier's place; for if any one is going to

be hurt, I must be that one. Of course the musket is n't here, but that can't be helped. But is everything else the same?"

"Yes," answered Ruth, after a careful look—"that is, no. Don't you remember you brought the round glass pitcher full of spring water?"

"Why, so I did. Aunt Tabitha must have taken it down-stairs. I'll be back in a jiffy"; and away rushed Harry, to return with the identical pitcher, which he set on the projecting edge of the mantel by the side window.

"Now, Ruth," he urged, "we'll keep quiet for a while, and see if anything will happen."

"But I can't keep quiet," replied the little girl, half crying; "it burns, it smarts so. See!" And lo, on her hand, which rested where the stock of the gun had lain, there shone a spark!

"I do see!" cried Harry in wild excitement, dancing about the room. "It's the sunlight coming through the pitcher. Why, it makes a regular fire-glass! Come, Ruth; let's find the Alderman, and we'll prove to him—yes, and to the old Commission too—that if a gun can't fire itself, it *can* go off with the aid of the sun."

And indeed the mystery was soon explained satisfactorily to all concerned. At first the commanding officer sneered; but then Mr. Alderman De Lancey was a man of substance, the representative of

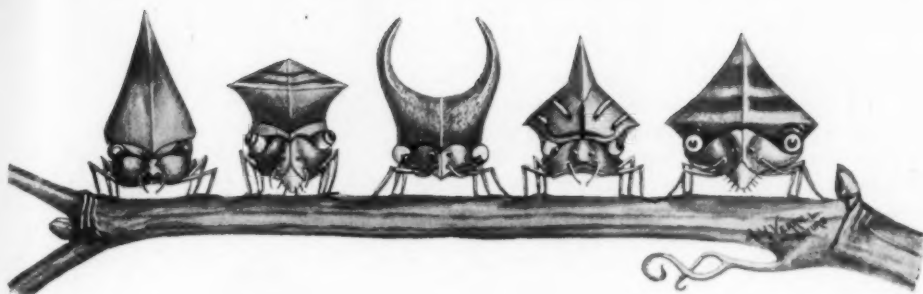
a class that had suffered much for the King. The old Quaker, too, was generally beloved, and there was something absurd in pressing a charge of bloodshed against a man of peace. So on the first sunshiny day Aunt Tabitha's prejudices had to endure another armed invasion of her best room, rebelliously too, though her heart prayed for the success of the experiment.

Grave officers patiently waited as the windows were arranged, the round glass pitcher set, and the gun, loaded only with powder, laid on the bed. Again that spark of fire appeared; it traveled deliberately along the snowy spread; it touched the stock; it progressed toward the lock; it rested for an instant on the priming-pan. There was a flash, a report, a dense smoke, and the British were taught that in a war for independence even Nature herself might take sides against them.

They were not sulky in their defeat, however, but made all possible amends of kindly treatment to the good old Quaker, the gruff sergeant especially seeming unable to do too much for him. As for the children, they were ever as wel-

come at headquarters as they had been when the stately Washington was living there, and his young officers clanked in and out, important with despatches.





BROWNIES OF THE INSECT WORLD.

BY A. HYATT VERRILL.



WHAT are they? This is doubtless the question which will arise in the minds of the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* when they see the picture at the top of this page. Are any of

Mr. Cox's Brownies quainter or more droll than these queer, spectacled creatures with their outlandish head-gear? Nor are these little elfin-like beings inventions of the imagination. From the time when the first green leaves burst forth in spring until the keen, frosty air of autumn ends their strange existence, they live and thrive under our very eyes.

The little people created in Palmer Cox's brain never wore a greater variety of dress than do the Leaf-Hoppers; for these droll little faces are nothing more nor less than the heads of the common insects called Leaf-Hoppers as they appear when viewed through a magnifying-glass. There are more than one hundred species of these little insects found in the eastern United States alone, no two of which are alike. Some are brown, others green, blue, white, or mottled in various colors and patterns; while one patriotic little fellow goes so far as to wear our national

colors in stripes of red, white, and blue upon his roof-shaped back.

The Leaf-Hoppers are as erratic in their movements as the Brownies themselves, and could easily give hints to those favorites of the children in regard to traveling through space; for although these insect-Brownies possess wings and moderate powers of flight, yet their usual method of traveling is by sudden, elastic leaps, often covering as much as six feet, or over five hundred times their own length, in a single bound. If man could move in this manner, there would be little need of express trains, for in two jumps a person could travel a mile!

A favorite resort for these insects is among the stems and leaves of the grape-vine and Virginia creeper. If you look in these places on any warm summer's day, you will find them with their bodies lying close to the surface on which they may be resting, while their pointed caps look like small protuberances of the bark.

These queer-shaped humps are not alone for ornament, but, like everything else in nature, have their use. The little fellow with the tall, peaked cap on the extreme left of the picture lives on rose-bushes, and his cap, of a dull olive color, appears so much like one of the thorns that you will have to look sharp to find him.

After you find your Leaf-Hopper, approach with great care; for no matter how cautiously you move, he will see you with those sharp goggle-eyes, and if you are approaching him from the side or rear, will wheel quickly about until he faces you, and slightly raising the forward portion of his body, will watch your every move. Now make a quick motion or extend your hand as though to touch him. Quick as a flash, he will take a short backward step and be up and away with a lightning-like spring, as though hurled from a miniature catapult, and the chances are you will never see him again. The Leaf-Hoppers, like their cousins the common plant-lice, or aphides, are sap-eaters (or more properly sap-suckers), and, like them, many species secrete a sweetish substance called "honey-dew." This secretion is considered a great delicacy by the ants, and if you look carefully you may often see a pro-



THE LEAF-HOPPERS MASQUERADE AS THORNS ON A ROSE-BUSH.

cession of small ants passing up and down a plant on which the little hoppers are feeding. At first sight the ants seem to be eating the



THE LEAF-HOPPERS IN THEIR SPRING BONNETS.

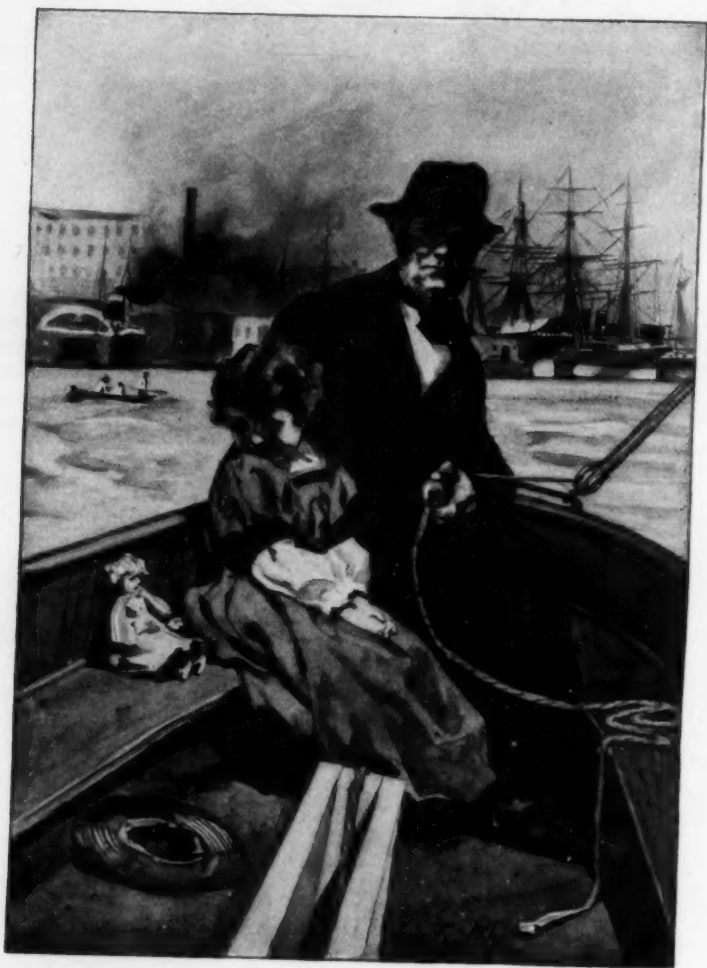
little creatures, but if you examine them with a lens it will be seen that they are merely feeding on the honey-dew. In fact, the Leaf-Hoppers and aphides are utilized as cows by the ants. They take excellent care of their cattle, too, watching over and guarding them constantly. In the autumn the ants take the eggs of the aphides or Leaf-Hoppers into their own nests, where they keep them through the winter.

In the spring, when the eggs hatch, they carry the young and nearly helpless brood to some plant where they can feed; and if the plant dries up or dies, they carry the little sap-suckers to better feeding-grounds. In some cases the ants even build tiny sheds over their herds to protect them from the weather. When they desire the honey-dew, the ants gently stroke the backs of the insects with their antennæ, when the little creatures immediately expel a drop of the coveted fluid.

The Leaf-Hoppers belong to the order of

THE GOOD BEHAVIOR OF NANCY LEE.

BY CHRISTOPHER VALENTINE.



CHRISTINE was a little girl whose father had been a sea-captain. He once commanded a ship that made voyages from New York to Norway, where the Captain was born. Now he did not go to sea any more, but owned a little sail-boat in which he often sailed from his home on Long Island to New York.

Christine had a doll, and when she was naming it her father said "Nancy Lee" was a good

name for a doll belonging to a sailor's daughter; so she called the doll by that name.

One morning Nancy was asleep under a footstool when Christine danced in, singing:

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be—
Yo, ho! oh, ho!

As soon as Christine saw Nancy she stooped and caught her up from the floor, saying:

"Ah, there you are, you sleepy child! Come, we are going on a voyage with the Captain. You must learn to go to sea, Nancy, for you know you *may* marry a sailor some day!"

Just then Christine heard her father calling, and without waiting to find Nancy's hat or sack she ran down-stairs.

"Come, Chris," called the Captain; "the bell has rung 'all aboard,' the wind is right, and we must n't keep the ship waiting!"

Only stopping to catch up her broad-brimmed hat, Christine ran down to the little landing. Her father lifted her into the stern of the sail-boat, hoisted the big sail, and they swung in a wide curve out into the Sound, the little waves rippling from under the boat with a pattering and slapping.

"Don't talk to the man at the wheel," was one of the early lessons the Captain had taught his daughter, and so she gave her attention to making Nancy comfortable, and teaching her about sailing a boat.

"The big white cloth, Nancy, is the sail; but it is n't a sheet. For aboard ship sheets are ropes, my dear. The sail takes hold of the wind, and pulls the boat along; and the Captain makes it go where he likes, Nancy, by pushing the tiller. The tiller moves a flat piece in the water, and makes the boat pull harder on one side, so it goes slower on that side. But, Nancy, you are too young to understand much, and this is your first voyage."

Nancy did not interrupt; she seemed to listen quietly, and she looked straight before her, like a very good girl in school.

"We are going to see New York, my child, and that is a big, big city. You never saw a big city before, did you?"

Now, Nancy was a French doll, and so she had crossed the ocean, and *had* seen a big city, for she had come from Paris; but she was a very young doll when in Europe, she did n't really remember her ocean trip, and she had not learned to talk English—except to say "Papa" and "Mama," and even that was broken—and she made no reply.

But Christine did not wait for one. Just then the Captain told her she might steer, and Christine was too proud of holding the tiller to think of Nancy Lee. Nancy, indeed, thought

so little of being left alone that when the boat leaned over she sank gently down on the seat.

As she lay down, her eyes closed at once,—it was always so with Nancy,—and she slept until Christine raised her suddenly, and said:

"Land ho!—Nancy Lee, wake up! We are going ashore now, for this is New York."

But Christine's father said there should be somebody to watch the boat.

"Leave Nancy on guard while we go shopping."

Christine covered Nancy with a bit of sail-cloth, and propped her up where she was well sheltered. And there sat Nancy on the watch all the time the Captain and crew were ashore; and she never even winked once.

When they returned, Christine told Nancy of the shops they had visited; of the luncheon at a restaurant, where a very black waiter brought Chris some very white ice-cream; and of the pretty things in the shop-windows. Not at all envious though she had been left in the boat without a thing to eat, Nancy only smiled sweetly.

At first the breeze was very light as they set sail for home; the sun shone warmly, and they sailed slowly. It was a drowsy time, and Chris fell asleep, with her curly head on the Captain's arm; but Nancy Lee kept wide awake.

While Chris slept, the breeze freshened; and at length the boat leaned far over, and the Captain had to move about so that Chris was wakened. But they were nearly home, and before Chris was fully awake again they were at the dock.

As Christine lifted Nancy to carry her up the path to the house, she said: "Nancy Lee, I am afraid you will never be a sailor's wife. My child, you were asleep nearly all the voyage."

And was n't it good of Nancy not to remind Christine how long she had been kept on watch while Christine and the Captain were ashore, and how Christine herself had slept soundly during the only exciting part of the sail?

Nancy Lee still smiled sweetly, and never lost her temper nor said an unpleasant word. And yet no sooner had Christine put her in bed than Nancy's eyes shut tight, and never opened till Christine lifted her the next morning.

How pleasant it would be if all passengers were as patient and quiet as Nancy Lee!

From Our Scrap-Book



HOW THE TURKS CAME BY THEIR CRESCENT.

WHEN Philip of Macedon approached by night with his troops to scale the walls of Byzantium, the moon, then new or in crescent, shone out and discovered his design to the besieged, who repulsed him. The crescent was after that adopted as the favorite badge of the city. When the Turks took Byzantium they found the crescent in every public place, and believing it to possess some magical power, adopted it themselves.

A CHAPEL BELL.

THE largest bell in the world is the one called "King of Bells," in Moscow, Russia. It was cast in 1733, but fell during a fire, and remained buried in the earth till 1836. It is more than three times as high as a man, being over nineteen feet high, and weighs as much as two hundred and twenty common cart-loads of coal. There is a large piece broken out of one side, so that it cannot be rung as a bell; but it is set upon a stone foundation, and used as a chapel, of which the broken place is the door.

TEN THOUSAND TELEGRAMS AT ONCE.

IN 1871, at a celebration held in New York in honor of Professor Morse, the original instrument invented by him was exhibited, connected at that moment by wire with every one of the ten thousand instruments then in use in the country. At a signal a message from the inventor was sent vibrating throughout the United States, and was read at the same time in every city from New York to New Orleans and San Francisco.

THE TRUE "REBECCA."

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S model for the Rebecca of "Ivanhoe" was a young Jewish lady in Philadelphia, named Rebecca Gratz. She was beautiful, and noted for her devotion to the Jewish faith. One of the most intimate friends of her family was Washington Irving. Irving visited Scott, and spoke of Miss Gratz, her beauty and her devotion. Scott was deeply impressed, and planned the story of "Ivanhoe," naming his heroine Rebecca.

AUSTERLITZ PLANNED BY JOHN MILTON.

NAPOLEON declared to Sir Colin Campbell, who had charge of the exile on the isle of Elba, that he was a great admirer of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and that he had read it to some purpose. He said further that he had borrowed the idea or plan of the battle of Austerlitz

from the sixth book of that poem, where Satan brings his artillery to bear upon Michael and his angelic host with such dire effect:

"Training his devilish enginery impaled
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep to
hide the fraud."

PRETTY NAMES FOR BOOKS.

THE following are some of the curious titles of old English books:

1. "A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell at."
2. "Biscuit Baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation."
3. "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthly Vessel known among men by the name of Samuel Fish" (a Quaker who had been imprisoned).
4. "Eggs of Charity Layed for the Chickens of the Covenant and Boiled with the Water of Divine Love. Take ye out and eat."
5. "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin."
5. "The Spiritual Mustard-Pot to make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion."

Most of these were published in the time of Cromwell.

ORIGIN OF "BOZ."

CHARLES DICKENS signed the name "Boz" to his earliest articles. It was a nickname which he had given to his younger brother, whom for fun he called Moses, pronouncing it through his nose, like "Boses," and then shortening it to "Boz."

ICELAND'S MILLENNIAL.

IN 1874 Iceland celebrated the one-thousandth anniversary of its colonization. At the same time it became independent of Denmark, though still subject to the king as head of the government. Its new government is thoroughly republican in spirit, all citizens having equal rights and perfect religious liberty. There are in Iceland no officers answering to our policemen, and no prisons.

A CRIPPLED CONQUEROR.

TAMERLANE was called the "Prince of Destruction." His real name was Timour, but, being lame, he was called "Timour lane," which means "lame Timour," and it be-

came corrupted into the name by which we know him. He was one of the greatest soldiers that ever lived, and it is said no other conqueror won by the sword so large a part of the world.

WHY GONDOLAS ARE BLACK.

IN former times the nobles of Venice spent such immense sums in decorating their gondolas that the government passed a law that all should be alike, and all have since been painted black. Some gondolas have been on the lakes of Central Park, and many were used in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair.

WHY "BEACON" STREET?

BEACON STREET, in Boston, derives its name from a beacon which stood on the summit of the hill so that, in case of an invasion, the country could be roused by setting fire to a barrel of tar kept there. The beacon was blown down by the violence of the wind in 1789. Beacon Hill was the highest of the three hills which gave Boston its original name, Trimountain.

FOUNDING OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

The General Court of Massachusetts voted in 1636 to give £400 to found a college at Newtown, afterward called Cambridge. It is said that "this was the first legislative assembly in which the people, through their representatives, gave their own money to found a place of education."

A WILLOW FROM NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

OVER the grave of Cotton Mather in Copp's burying-ground (near Bunker Hill, Boston) is a weeping-willow tree which was grown from a cutting of the willow-tree that shaded the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena.

MICHELANGELO AS ARCHITECT.

THE great artist Michelangelo was as famous an architect or designer as he was a painter. He designed the church of St. Peter at Rome, which is built in the form of a Latin cross. He also designed another church in Rome, and, besides these, planned a number of famous structures.

THE PEACOCK AT HOME.

THE real home of the peacock or peafowl is in India. There they were and are hunted, and their flesh is used for food. As these birds live in the same region as the tiger, peacock-hunting is a very dangerous sport. The long train of the peacock is not its tail, as many suppose, but is composed of feathers which grow out just above the tail, and are called the tail-coverts. Peacocks have been known for many hundred years. They are mentioned in the Bible: Job mentions them, and they are mentioned too in 1 Kings, 10. Hundreds of years ago in Rome many thousand peacocks were killed for the great feasts which the emperors made. The brains of the peacock were considered a great treat, and many had to be killed for a single feast.

"THE MISSISSIPPI OF STREETS."

BROADWAY is five miles long, with nearly half its line as straight as an arrow flies, so that the eye may look

upward from the quaint little Bowling Green near the Battery to the graceful spire of Grace Church — almost up to Union Square. From this point it turns from its straight course, and nearly two miles beyond reaches Central Park, from which, under the name of the Boulevard, it is prolonged nine miles farther. It was with reason that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu called this the "lengthy Mississippi of streets."

ST. CLEMENTE, ROME.

THERE is a church in Rome, called St. Clemente, which is a very curious building. Here we find four buildings, one on top of the other. The uppermost one is the present church, built in 1108. There is another below this which was the church of the early Christians, and first mentioned in 392. Below this one are the remains of an old Roman building of the time of the emperors; and still below this are great walls belonging to a building of the time of the Roman republic.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR, IN ANCIENT TIMES.

WINCKELMANN, quoting the comedies of Plautus and Terence, says that Grecian doors opened outward, so that a person leaving the house knocked first within, lest he should open the door in the face of a passer-by. Hinges were not then in use, and at Rome, Pompeii, and Herculaneum doors have at top and bottom pivots which turn in sockets.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

THE Revolutionary War, from its first outbreak at Lexington, April 19, 1775, to the final disbanding of the army, April 19, 1783, lasted just eight years to a day.

THE Second Epistle of St. John is a letter to a lady.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, the great painter, who painted the famous picture of the Last Supper, is said to have invented the wheelbarrow.

SAMUEL ADAMS first originated the idea of declaring the American colonies independent of Great Britain.

THE tusks of the elephant never stop growing till the animal dies.

THE goldfish is a native of China, and was seen in England first in 1691.

ANCIENT soldiers were taught to fight equally well with either hand.

IN France St. Nicholas's day is the fête-day for boys, and St. Catherine's day is the fête-day for girls.

CARTHAGE was destroyed 146 B. C. It was twenty-four miles in circumference, and is said to have been burning seventeen days.

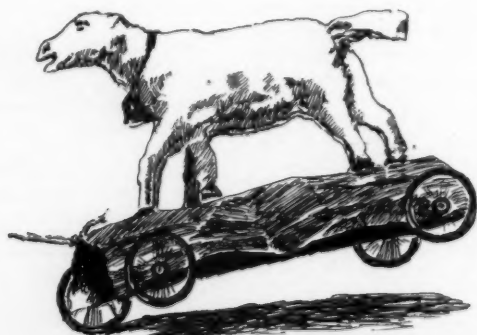
IN winding up the clock of Trinity Church, New York, it is said that the crank or handle has to be turned round eight hundred and fifty times.

THE OLD TIN SHEEP.



"CREAK!" said the old tin sheep on wheels;
 "I 'm growing old, and down my back
 I 'm very sure there 's a dreadful crack.
There 's nobody knows," said the old tin sheep, "till he 's old how an old toy feels.
"I used to trundle about the floor;
 But that was when I was young and new;
 It 's something that now I could not do.
No; I shall quietly rest myself on this shelf behind the door.
"Creak!" said the sheep; "what's gone amiss?
 Some one is taking me out, I know.
 They 're pulling my string, and away I go.
Stop! oh, stop!" cried the old tin sheep; "I never can go like this!"
But Tommy pulled the sheep around;
 About the nursery it went so fast
 The floor beneath seemed flying past,
While creakety-creakety-creak! the wheels went round with a doleful sound.
Then Tommy left it there on its side;
 The wheels moved slowly and stopped with a creak,
 And the wax doll heard it faintly speak.
"There 's nobody knows what he can do," said the sheep, "till he has tried."

Katharine Pyle.



K. P.

The Button Family.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

You might not think it, but no toys
Are pleasanter at play
Than the buttons in the button-box
Aunt Jane keeps put away.

The little-brother buttons
Are never rude or rough;
And though the box is very full,
There 's always room enough.

There 's a fat, round mother button,
And a father button, too;
And a set of sister buttons—
White china speckled with blue.

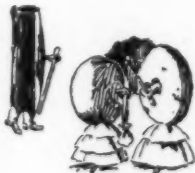
There 's a bright brass-button uncle,
Who truly went to war;
Though he 's lost his shank, he twinkles
As brightly as before.

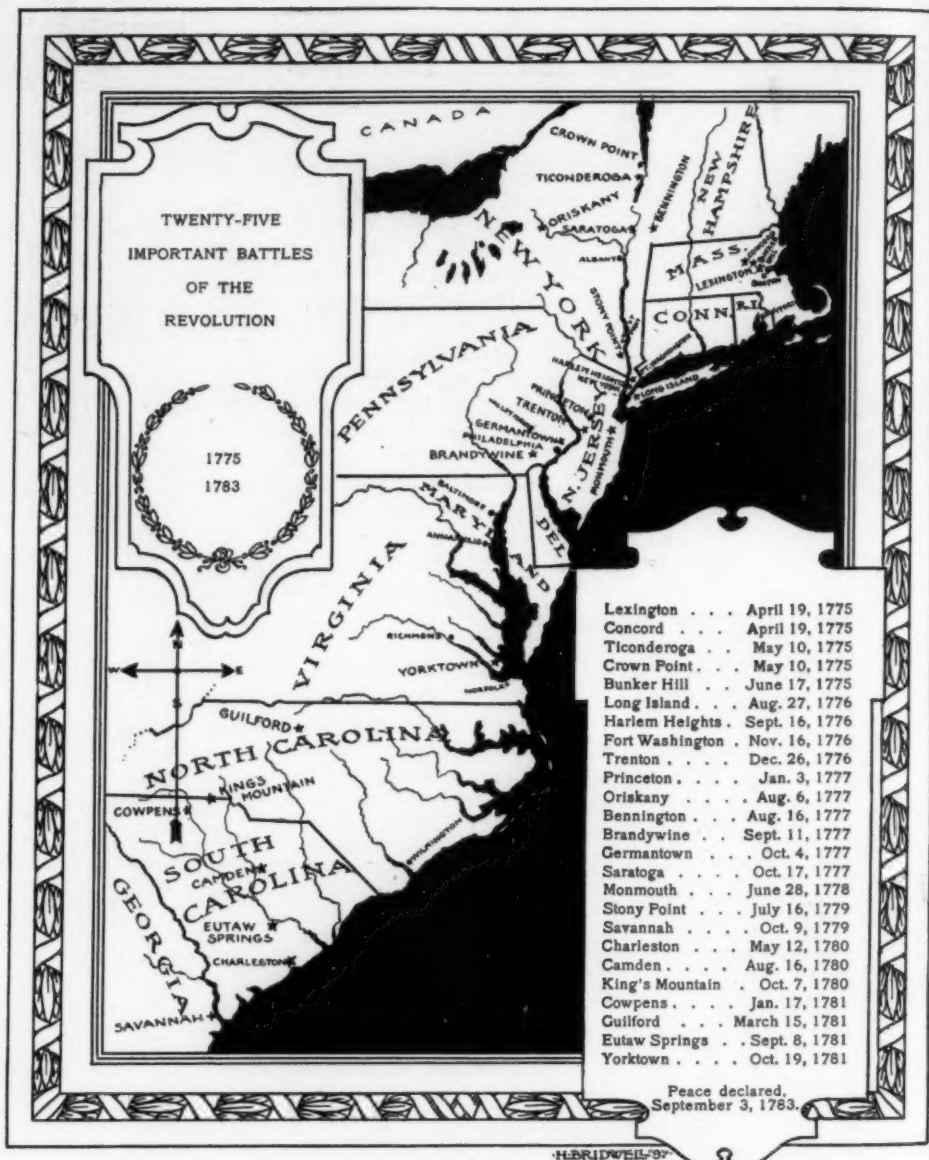
But, big or little buttons,
There 's one they love the best—
A baby button, tinier
Than any of the rest.

The little baby button
Is very sweet and bright.
You 'd almost think it was a pearl,
So smooth it is, and white.

One day the button-box upset,
And all fell on the ground;
Then how the little button skipped
And spun and ran around!

And when they all were gathered up,
And safely home once more,
They cried, "Oh, did n't we have fun
Out on the nursery floor!"





REPORT UPON THE PRIZE PUZZLE, "A CENTURY OF PRESIDENTS."

THE "Century of Presidents," printed during March, the inauguration month, brought forth almost a thousand answers.

This puzzle was more difficult to solve than similar puzzles previously printed; and, therefore, a much longer time than usual was allowed for its solution. But it was none too long for some of our correspondents, who asserted that they barely completed their solutions in time; and the great number received on the last two days of the competition was additional evidence of this.

Lists prettily decorated with various patriotic devices were received from Caroline Sewall, Harold W. Bynner, Floretta G. Elmore, Bertha M. Wheeler, Ellen B. Townsend, Selma Schricker, Amy J. Einstein, Claude Hoen, and Dorothea Faraday.

Several careful correspondents have called attention to the misstatement in No. 34. Caleb Cushing was called "Secretary" because he had been a member of a President's cabinet: strictly speaking, however, an Attorney-General is not a "Secretary." He was sent, in 1843, as "Commissioner" to negotiate a treaty between the United States and China.

The correct list of names is as follows:

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. James Buchanan. | 14. Jefferson Davis. | 27. Chester Alan Arthur. |
| 2. William Learned Marcy. | 15. Thomas Jefferson. | 28. Franklin Pierce. |
| 3. John Adams. | 16. William Henry Seward. | 29. Daniel Webster. |
| 4. Lewis Cass. | 17. George Bancroft. | 30. Abraham Lincoln. |
| 5. James Abram Garfield. | 18. Andrew Jackson. | 31. James Madison. |
| 6. Albert Gallatin. | 19. George Washington. | 32. William Wirt. |
| 7. William Henry Harrison. | 20. Grover Cleveland. | 33. Andrew Johnson. |
| 8. Edward Everett. | 21. James Knox Polk. | 34. William Harris Crawford. |
| 9. Rutherford Birchard Hayes. | 22. John Quincy Adams. | 35. Henry Clay. |
| 10. Salmon Portland Chase. | 23. Caleb Cushing. | 36. Benjamin Harrison. |
| 11. Martin Van Buren. | 24. Zachary Taylor. | 37. Ulysses Simpson Grant. |
| 12. John Tyler. | 25. John Caldwell Calhoun. | 38. John Marshall. |
| 13. James Monroe. | 26. Millard Fillmore. | |

A large proportion of the solutions were accompanied by friendly letters. This is one of the pleasantest features of the ST. NICHOLAS competitions, and it seems only fair to share a few of these letters with our readers.

"Whenever I see a new puzzle in your delightful magazine I almost shout for joy, I am so glad. This last puzzle has been particularly interesting and difficult. I am sure I have looked over more than fifty books in search of information. I am so proud of the thirty crimson books—ST. NICHOLAS—which decorate my shelf."

"I live twenty-five miles from a town, and have nothing to get my answers from but 'Barnes' Brief History of the United States,' and a 'Life of Jackson'; but I hope they are all right."

"I wish to express my interest and pleasure in the good work your prize puzzles are doing. My daughter

sent in her answers yesterday, and the amount of help which the effort has given her, for future use, is very great. She has proved for herself how many difficult and apparently impossible things may be learned by persistent inquiry and searching; and I feel very grateful to you, inasmuch as through you she is developing qualities which are not very prominent yet—those of patience and perseverance. We have delighted in your magazine many years. This year it seems better than ever."

"When I took up the March number I could not answer more than one or two questions. This puzzle has shown me how much I do *not* know about United States history."

LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS.

First Prize, Five Dollars: Floretta G. Elmore.

Two Second Prizes of Four Dollars each: Marshall Coxe and Blanche Huffman.

Five Third Prizes of Three Dollars each: J. Watson Dwight, Boyd Marshall, Florence McKusick, Edmund Bassett, and Edwin Jones Carleton.

Ten Prizes of Two Dollars each: Townsend King Wellington, Sara A. Wardwell, Abbot A. Thayer, Milly G. Sykes, Ada Claire, Francis Randall Appleton, Jr., Charles Lanier Appleton, Karl Donald Kimball, Clara M. Lathrop, and Louise McDonald.

Twelve Prizes of One Dollar each: Daniel C. Fitz, Will Allis, Ruth Peirce, Ethel Alton Rockwell, Grace Matthews, Helen M. Wallace, Gladys W. Baldwin, Edith R. Hill, Bess Kelly, Ariel Parish, Bradford Sturtevant, and Mary F. Kneeland.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Sixty-one correct solutions were received. Out of these the Committee of Judges selected the thirty that showed the most accurate and painstaking work, and to these the prizes are awarded. It will be seen, therefore, that all those whose names follow have done work of special excellence.

Louisa L. Burrows, Charles McCausland, Willie L. Kiernan, Aldrich Durant, Mary R. Bergstrom, Carl H. Phillips, Elizabeth B. Piper, Annie E. Thatcher, Hazel R. Hyde, Grace Van Ingen, Joseph B. Eastman, Lucia K. Dwight, John L. Stettimus, Jr., Deane Edwards, Marguerite A. Marney, Julia M. Hoyt, Chauncey B. Garver, Agnes B. Wylie, Seth E. Hodge, Grace C. Norton, Helen R. Coggeshall, Ralph W. Deacon, Anna V. Kisinger, Anne V. L. Orvis, Lewis H. Tooker, Clarence H. Sutherland, Margaret Spencer Wilson, Helen M. Stott, John C. Parish, Sadie Donaldson, and Walter Clark.

Margaret D. Rodes, Susan D. Williams, Mary Stockton, Charles D. Harmon, Margaret W. Stone, Frederic H. Taber, Albert H. Pratt, Morgan W. Jopling, Marguerite Stott, Florence A. Wilson, Marie L. Slack, James J. Forstall, Harold W. Bynner, Nellis M. Crouse, Frank S. Preston, Harold J. Staples, Elma M. Eaton, Lois A. Reed, Harry F. Morris, Eunice Wead, Ethel Pike, Janet Dana, Rachel Phipps, Hilda K. White, Dorothy Wright, Gertrude G. Vroom, Julia B. Thomas, Norman G. Conner, Kenneth White, John C. More, Emma J. Pratt, Annie P. Weekes, Edward L. Lincoln, Esther L. Swartz, Charles E. Moore, Bertha Carleton, Rex G. Post, Ona C. Gibson, Alice E. Dyar, Jessie McClatchey, Kathryn A. Fisher, Charles S. Pillsbury, Edna L. MacLellan, Lucy A. Maling, Elsie Green, Mamie Johnson, E. E. Kimmel, Henrietta W. Drury, Mamie Blaikie, Ruth Farley, Dellie R. Bartlett, and Evelyn Jenkins.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

CITY OF MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Texas boy twelve years old. We are now visiting in Mexico. This is a beautiful city, and we have seen many wonderful things. The old Cathedral, which is said to be built on the ruins of an Aztec temple, cost millions of dollars. We go there nearly every day to see the crowds and hear the music. It is filled with kneeling beggars, mostly women and children.

The flowers here are very beautiful, and at the flower market on Zocalo Square you can get nearly every kind of flower that grows.

We went to a bull-fight, but we stayed only till the second bull was killed. I would have stayed till it was over, but mama could not stand it. I have a banderillo that was used in a bull-fight.

We have taken ST. NICHOLAS all our lives.

We saw the statue of Charles IV. It is the largest equestrian statue in the world. It is said they killed the sculptor to keep him from making another one.

I remain your interested reader,

FRANK B. ELSER.

BERWICK, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father was a soldier in the late war, and I went with him to the encampment at Louisville in 1895. From there we went to some of the old battle-grounds, namely: The battle-field of Nashville, where my father fought. From there we went to Chattanooga; there we went over the battle-field of Chickamauga. This is a very large battle-ground. It

took us all day to ride over it and Missionary Ridge. We went up the incline on Lookout Mountain. There we could look over the city of Chattanooga, which was a very pretty sight. From there we went to Atlanta. I saw where the six Andrews Railway Raiders were hung, and went to the Exposition at Atlanta. From Atlanta we went to Charlestown, where I saw the ocean. We went out ten miles to Sullivan's Island, and saw Fort Sumter and went through Fort Moultrie. We saw where the famous Indian warrior Osceola was buried, and from Charlestown we came home.

From your friend,

SYLVESTER D. MATTESON.

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my first letter to you. I write to tell you about our cats. We have three. One is "Pompey," aged six, "Tito," aged three, "Binco," aged six months. Pompey had a birthday March 20, and we celebrated it by giving him a party. We had a little table for them to eat on and boxes to sit on. There were plates heaped with stewed kidneys and liver and a small cake with six candles. We invited in some girl friends to see the fun. Each cat sat with his forepaws on the table, and ate down the dainties as fast as they could. The small kitten did not have as good manners as the others, and now and then would retire under the table to gulp down a particularly large morsel, but most of them behaved very well. I forgot to say that

the black cat had a red ribbon, the gray cat had a blue ribbon, and the white kitten had a pink one. The cake was cut and passed to the friends, also some tea in doll's cups. Everybody, cats included, thought it a great success.

We have taken you for nine years, and even my big brother, who is sixteen, likes you better than any other magazine. Your devoted reader,

RALPH DE P. EMERSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly two years, and I like you very much. I am not a regular subscriber, but my father gets your magazine here. We have a large garden on top of a hill, and we have a fine view of San Francisco Bay. We can sit for hours watching the boats go and come. In the evenings I sit down and read your magazine, then at half-past seven o'clock I study my lessons till eight o'clock, when I go to bed.

I remain your reader,

ROBERT A. MCLEAN.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and don't see how I can ever do without you. I always look forward with great pleasure to the twenty-fifth of each month, for that is the day on which you are published. I am just back from the Inauguration. Never had I seen so many soldiers at once before; and they all marched so erect and straight in their lines. The part I liked the best in the parade was the regiment of the little Butler Zouaves—tiny little fellows, the oldest not more than ten. The daughter of their regiment was a pretty little girl of about eleven, attired as "Liberty." She kept step very well, and looked around smilingly as the people cheered her.

Long life to you, ST. NICHOLAS! I remain ever your interested reader,

GRACE B. WADE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It was with a great deal of pleasure that I saw in your number for April a little essay on that villainous habit of checking horses. I have a pony and a donkey; and I would rather see them shot than see them driven with that instrument of torture.

Two or three weeks ago I saw a very bad accident. A team of very high-spirited horses were hitched to a light brougham. One of the horses got his hind leg over the pole. He kicked about at a great rate. Now I am sure what made him kick was that he was checked up very high. If he had been able to put his head down and could have turned it around and seen what the trouble was, I am sure he could have got his leg out all right. As it was they had to cut both pole-straps. This did no good, as it was one of those poles that do not let down. When that was done, both horses started off as fast as they could go. They crashed into a lamp-post, and one of the horses fell down, while the other got his hind leg wedged in between the front wheel and the dash-board. When they got the fallen horse up he was given to me to hold. I led him off a little way as he seemed to be very much excited. I then unchecked him and he quieted right down, showing that what made him so excited and nervous was not being able to have free use of his neck and head. Finally they had to take the front wheel off so as to get the other horse's leg out.

I wish it could be made a misdemeanor to check a horse.

Very truly,

NATHANIEL M. NILES.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mardi Gras has passed from New Orleans until 1898, and now New Orleans has gone back to sackcloth and ashes once more. But I am going to tell you about Mardi Gras.

Monday, March 1, 1897, all the military companies in the city turned out. The police headed the procession. The ex-mayor of New Orleans, Mr. Fitzpatrick, came next. Next came some carriages containing Mayor Flower of New Orleans, and the officers of the "Texas," and "Maine," and two French ships that are here; then came the Washington Artillery and three other companies. After the sailors of the Texas and Maine came "Rex," the King of the Carnival. The night parade of Proteus was fine; it had twenty floats. The parade of Rex was Tuesday's parade. The Phunny Phorthy Phellows followed Rex. The night parade of Tuesday was Comus. The subject of Proteus was "Orlando Furioso"; the subject of Comus was Homer's "Odyssey"; the subject of Rex was, "On the Water—Real and Fanciful"; the subject of the Phunny Phorthy Phellows was "Songs That Never Die."

Your affectionate reader, WILLIAM K. DART.

OAK PARK, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl of eleven. We take you, and I like you very much. I read you a great deal. I saw a letter yesterday, written to you by Ethel Finney telling of her visit to Switzerland, and about seeing the Jungfrau Mountain. Papa and mama went to Switzerland and Germany, and all about in those places in 1894. And right below the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger Mountains there was a little trunk-store, and papa and mama went in to buy a trunk, and they saw two Angora kittens and their mother. They bought them, and brought them home. On the steamer coming home they were offered forty dollars for the two kittens; but they would not sell them. "Eiger" is mine, and "Mönch" was my sister Theo's; but poor Mönch died in January, 1896, when he was one year and four months old. And "Jungfrau" now has two baby kittens.

Your loving friend,

MARGARET THANKFUL CRATTY.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. My brother has been taking the ST. NICHOLAS ever since he was four years old, and he now is seventeen.

There are a good many children here.

I have two sisters and three brothers, and we go riding nearly every Saturday. I do not use a saddle yet, but I ride bareback.

My father is an army officer in the cavalry.

On the first day of April the soldiers here had a tug-of-war, and running and jumping matches; and we all wanted to stay home from school to see them.

I go to school in Carondelet. Your little friend,

HELEN C. HUNTER.

DELHI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a reader of your ST. NICHOLAS.

I went to Europe last summer with my papa, mama, and my brother. While we were there we met Princess Marie of Denmark, and my papa promised her an American cow-girl saddle. He has had it made since we came home, in his factory at Cincinnati. It is made of white buckskin and fair leather. The seat, and where the white buckskin was used, were embroidered in the white rose of Denmark and the lily of France. Papa says it is the finest saddle ever made in the country, and as he has seen a good many, I think he must know. Papa has sent the saddle to the princess and expects an answer soon.

I am eight years old, and I hope you will publish this letter.

WILTON D. CAMPBELL.

EDGEFIELD, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new subscriber to your magazine, and like it very much. I like the story of "The Last Three Soldiers" best of all in the magazine.

I am a little boy. I shall soon be eight years old. I live in a hilly and a red-clay country. I go to school every day it does n't rain; I have a long walk, nearly two miles, and go all by myself. I study Geography, History, Spelling, the Fifth Reader, and Arithmetic. I am nearly through fractions. I love my teacher. I have two little brothers, Ben and Floyd.

Wishing you good luck, yours truly,

JOHN RAINSFORD.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy you very much. It was two years ago last November that my father presented you to me, on my tenth birthday.

I will tell you about the house-moving in our city. Colonel Stevens was the first man to build a house in Minneapolis. It is a small wood-frame house with four rooms—two rooms up and two downstairs. The park board of Minneapolis decided to move the house to Minnehaha Park, and keep it as a relic. They gave all the school children a holiday, and all those above third grade, car fare being furnished free, helped to move the house by pulling long ropes fastened to the house. They had twelve horses hitched on, though, who really did all the work while we had all the fun. Of course so many children could not pull at once, so the different schools took turns, each pulling for two or three blocks.

The different schools wore badges, numbered, and our school, the Schiller, was Relay No. 5. The badges bore a little picture of the house and the following inscription:

SOUVENIR CARD.

RELAY No. 5.

Moved to Minnehaha Park by Scholars of
Minneapolis,

May 28, 1896,

Minnehaha Ave. and 34th St., 12 M.,
Colonel John H. Stevens' House, Built in 1840-50.

First house built in Minneapolis.

We had a lovely day at the park, which is very beautiful, and we children sang and laughed all the way out and back in the cars. There were so many more children than grown folks, that no one thought of making us behave. From your faithful reader,

CATHARINE DEHAVEN.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is a breeze from the West—the best part of North America. Formerly I lived in Westport, a suburb of Kansas City, in an old-style Southern house. Many are the houses of this kind in Westport. There is one old house in Westport that is exactly like General Lee's old home in Virginia, and one that was once the headquarters of General Jubal Early. Near Westport is a large wood in which snakes abound. It is undermined by innumerable caves and tunnels, some of which are said to contain buried treasure.

An old Indian called "Indian Juan," who lives somewhere in the forest, claimed, last summer, to have found an old cave in which were buried \$16,000,000, in gold, and silver, and jewels. He alleged that the treasure was buried years and years ago by some of the many Spanish

and Mexican robbers that then thronged around the town, and whose occupation was to plunder the rich caravans from Mexico. He claimed, also, to have located another cave in which a very large sum of money was supposed to have been buried by Quantrell's band.

I remain your devoted reader,

HARRY S. JAMISON.

BAYOU GOULA, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a plantation. Papa is a planter, and raises sugar-cane.

I have four sisters and two brothers. Sometimes we go out crayfishing. We went out in the woods once this year on horseback to crayfish. Papa rode on one horse and I rode on the other, and we each took some one behind us. We did not catch many crayfish. I think the negroes had been there before us.

I am thirteen years old, and my name is

JANIE RANDOLPH.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old. We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS ever since it began—many years before I was born.

I noticed a letter in the March number mentioning deer on Tamalpais, so I thought I would tell you my experience with them on the north slope of that mountain. We have a little cabin there to which we went last summer. I went hunting several times without any success, usually seeing only does. But one day a man asked me to go hunting with him the next day. He had two quite good dogs, so I said I would go with him.

We hunted all the morning without seeing a deer; so we stopped at a spring to get our lunch. We decided to go a little farther to some willows, and if we did not find any there to go home.

We sent the dogs into the shrubbery, and then we separated. In a few minutes we heard a great rustling and yapping, and out came a fine buck followed by one of the dogs. He passed right by the man who only got one shot and missed the deer; then he came toward me. I shot at him five times. He ran a little way, and then fell. I had the head stuffed, and the skin cured.

I remain your interested reader,

HENRY R. SANDER.

CHEVY CHASE, MONTGOMERY CO., MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father used to be in the army, but he was retired on account of illness that he had from time to time, so he could not march.

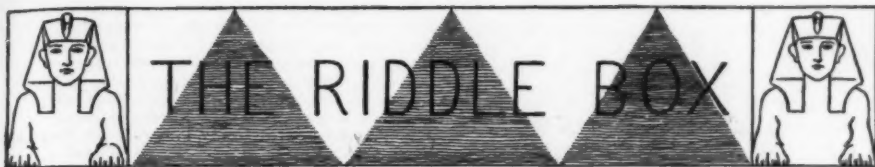
We go away nearly every summer, and one summer when we went to a place in Virginia, three of my brothers and myself were lost in a cave for two hours and a half. It was pitch dark in there, as I suppose every cave is, so we took two boxes of matches in with us, and some sticks; but they all were used up; and when we got out there were only four matches left.

I have four brothers and no sisters. We all have bicycles, excepting the youngest, who is only four, and he is going to get a velocipede.

Very truly your reader,

ANNIE P. T.—.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Horace W. Wright, Elsie Rose, Elizabeth Y. L., Griselda and Faustina Van D., Margaret Lyall, Margherita E. Welling, Susie Hill, Robert Amory, Jr., Walter Bell Whittlesey, Fanny R. Holmes, Elsie Adams Seeger, Teddie Arbutnot, Rosamond C., Marie Halsted, Edythe Stewart, Marguerite Bradley, Helen M. Burton, Fred Swedenborg, Eva M. Blatchford, Rowena M. Newton, May D., Ruth and Elsie Schaefer, Paul Peters, Kathleen.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, artifice; 2 to 3, addicted; 3 to 4, earnings; 3 to 4, dungoons; 5 to 6, ruminant; 5 to 7, reiform; 6 to 8, tempered; 7 to 8, marigold; 1 to 5, afar; 3 to 6, erst; 4 to 8, stud; 3 to 7, deem.

ADDITIONS. 1. Cora-l. 2. Babe-l. 3. Pear-l. 4. Pau-l. 5. Haze-l. 6. Cur-l. 7. Ear-l.

OMITTED ANAGRAMS. 1. Teams, meats, mates, tames, steam. 2. Spare, pares, resps, pears, spear. 3. Pleas, leaps, lapses, pulses, spal. 4. Least, slate, steal, tales, stale. 5. Items, amite, times, emits, miste.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Victoria. 1. Violin. 2. Ibis. 3. Crown. 4. Tambourine. 5. Obelisk. 6. Revolver. 7. Indian. 8. Abacus.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Usage. 2. Solon. 3. Alert. 4. Gorge. 5. Enter.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle Box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from M. McG.—Helen C. McCleary—"Jersey Quartette"—Marguerite Sturdy—Mary and Gertrude Wharton—Alli and Adi—Paul Reese—Josephine Sherwood—"Four Weeks in Kane"—Sigourney Fay Nininger—Frank G. Sayre—Nessie and Freddie—Lillian S. and Emily R. Burt—"Two Little Brothers"—"The Buffalo Quartette"—"Epsilon Digamma"—A. F. and H. Walton—Anna L. Van Winkle—C. D. Lauer Co.—A. M. Cooch—Jo and I—Grace Edith Thalton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Catherine Wilbur, 1—Carroll Shaffer, 1—Kent Shaffer, 1—Jean Cragin, 7—W. L., 11—Mary E. Meares, 1—"We, Us, and Co.," 7—Eugene Thorne Walter, 5—John Scudger Dunham, 3—G. B. Dyer, 11—"Sea-Spray," 2—Mary Morgan, 5—Florence and Edna, 8—"Puzzlele from Posersville," 1—Marguerite Bradley, 1—"The Four T's," 9—"Midget," 3—"Will O. Tree," 6—Viola Ethel Hope, 1—Aunt Kate and Leo, 8—"Class No. 19," 9—Dorothea Macvane, 1—"R. P. V. and Trio," 9—Frederic G. Foster, 1—Katharine S. Frost, 7—Elsie Birdsong, 2—Mabel M. Johns, 11—Karl E. Schwarz, 1—William C. Kerr, 10—"Rikki-tikki-tavi," 1—Clara A. Anthony, 11—E. Everett and Gobolinks, 7—Theodora B. Dennis, 10—"Merry and Co.," 10—Daniel Hardin and Co., 6—Belle Miller Waddell, 9—Willie Wilbur, 1—Frederick J. Kelsey, 9.

PATRIOTIC PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

1. MEN, once enslaved, enjoy my first to-day.
 2. My second, nations free resist alway.
 3. My third, the secret of our country's strength.
 4. King George provoked our grandsires to this step, at length.
 5. We called those loyal to King George this name.
 6. We called "Celestials" thus when first they came.
 7. The seventh all greedy politicians seek to seize.
 8. The eighth o'er all our land floats on the breeze.
 9. My ninth we hope to find in courts of law.
 10. My tenth, our country's title, without flaw.
 11. To win the eleventh our grandsires long did fight.
 12. The red-skins gave this name to people white.
- This day we celebrate with noise and fire,
While patriotic thoughts our hearts inspire.

FRANCES AMORY.

HEXAGONS.

1	.	2	
3	.	4	
5	.	6	.
8	.	9	
10	.	11	

I. FROM 1 to 2, a dwelling; from 3 to 4, affection; from 5 to 7, to profit; from 8 to 9, an animal; from 10 to 11, an insect; from 1 to 6, a tippet; from 2 to 6, a feminine name; from 11 to 6, an age; from 10 to 6, the cry of an animal.

II. From 1 to 2, to sever; from 3 to 4, compositions for two; from 5 to 7, a newspaper; from 8 to 9, a min-

SUBTRACTIONS. 1. Forces, foes. 2. Sold, sod. 3. Creek, reek. 4. Visit, sit. 5. Play, pay. 6. Shove, shoe. 7. Place, pace. 8. Draft, raft. 9. Paint, pant. 10. Dear, ear.

CHARADE. Door-step.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Hole. 2. Over. 3. Lets. 4. Erst. II. 1. Emus. 2. Mint. 3. Undo. 4. Stop. III. 1. This. 2. Hoot. 3. Iota. 4. Stay. IV. 1. Mass. 2. Abet. 3. Sere. 4. Stem. V. 1. Vale. 2. Ales. 3. Leap. 4. Espy.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Mathematics.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. O. 2. Ape. 3. Opera. 4. Erose. 5. Asile. 6. Edict. 7. Ecst. 8. Tabot. 9. Token. 10. Refer. 11. Newel. 12. Red. 13. L.

ANAGRAMS. 1. James Russell Lowell. 2. Charles Dickens. 3. Alfred Tennyson. 4. Alfred Austin. 5. William Makepeace Thackeray. 6. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

eral; from 10 to 11, a poetic contraction; from 1 to 6, a hint; from 2 to 6, part of the body; from 11 to 6, a deer; from 10 to 6, before.

G. B. DYER.

RIDDLE.

NEITHER flesh nor fowl, though I have legs;
Laid freshly each day, though I am not eggs;
Neither flower nor fruit, though I've leaves a-many;
And without me for food you might not get any.

L. E. JOHNSON.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

1. LITTLE Gerty was so 1-2-3 4-5-6 1-2-3-4-5-6 used to call her Dame Dumpling.
2. Please 1-2-3-4 5-6-7-8 to that 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 lady over there.
3. Eva asked her sisters 1-2 3-4-5 6-7-8 a new hat, and they all went 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8.
4. If I could hear you make your 1-2-3-4 I am 5-6-7-8 it would give me 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8.
5. Katie dropped her 1-2-3-4-5 doll, and broke its 1-2-3-4 5 while ago.
6. Oh, Jennie! About the ribbon I asked you 1-2-3, please 4-5-6 it, if you do not 1-2-3-4-5-6 to.
7. Look at the 1-2-3, my 4-5-6; it has not looked so beautiful this 1-2-3-4-5-6.
8. I wish you to 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 the idea of having 1 2-3-4-5 6-7 your new skirt.
9. I have a perfect 1-2-3-4-5-6 for that 1-2-3,—4-5-6 is not becoming to me.
10. What will that old 1-2-3 4-5-6 if he is lucky enough to hit the 1-2-3-4-5-6?

M. E. FLOYD.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each name a notable invention.
 CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A small table.
 2. To hold out. 3. Allowed by law. 4. Dominion. 5.
 Idle talk. 6. To like the flavor of. 7. A person with
 white hair and pink eyes. 8. A place of restraint. 9.
 To stick at small matters.

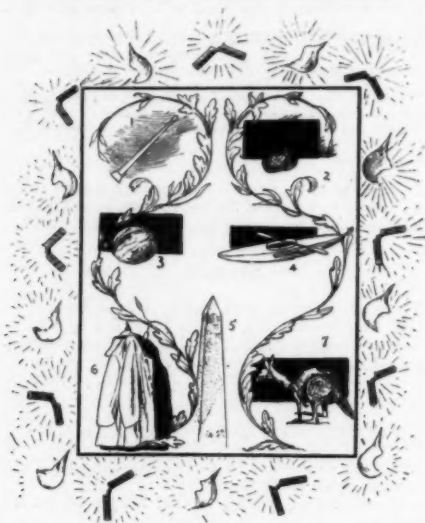
A. C. BANNING.

CHARADE.

My *second* on the ear doth fall;
 My *whole* before my *third* doth stand;
 Goes forth the gray old sentinel
 And draws him in with eager hand.
 The best is given of meat and wine,
 The warmest corner by the fire,
 Welcome my *whole* to young and old,
 To highborn dame and lowly squire.
 He tells of knights and ladies fair,
 Of ghost and goblin, spells and charms—
 Of gallant knight who was my *first*;
 Then comes a tale of war's alarms.
 My *whole* has on his listeners reckoned
 To smile or weep, to hope or fear;
 They long to crown him with my *second*,
 And sound his praises far and near.

CHARLOTTE OSGOOD CARTER.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the seven small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell a name borne by two famous Americans.

COUNTRIES IN DISGUISE.

FILL each blank with the name of a country. The words printed in italics suggest the name to be applied. "Turkey" fills the first blank, and "Hungary" the second.

For my *Thanksgiving dinner* to — I would hie;
 In search of an *appetite* to — I would fly;
 For another *helping* to — I would wend;
 But simply for a *tunch* to the — I'd send;

If I were *overheated* to — I'd repair;
 But to *renew my ardor*, I'd seek — air;
 To don a *garb of cheerfulness*, I'd land on —;
 If *regretfully demented* in — I would mope;
 In — I'd find an outlet to all my *pent-up* grief;
 And on the shores of — to my *anger* give relief;
 If very fond of *music*, in — I would stay;
 And if my wheel were *creaky*, to — I'd haste away;
 For a *simple dwelling* I'd make — my home;
 But for more *regal* quarters to — I would roam.

J. A. H.

A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.



1. A VEHICLE. 2. An esculent root. 3. Bad. 4. Delicate. 5. Pertaining to the skin. 6. A Spanish city. 7. A fungus. 8. Wealthier. 9. One who lives in solitude. 10. Something a man had rather buy than have given to him. 11. A sinew. 12. To give. 13. Masticated.

EUGENE T. WALTER.

DIAMOND.

1. IN hinder. 2. A chariot of war or of triumph. 3. A masculine name. 4. A district on the west coast of Africa. 5. A Nile boat. 6. A small but famous river. 7. The chief officer of a municipal corporation. 8. Three-fourths of a tear. 9. In hinder.

E. C. W.

DIAGONALS.

I. THE diagonal from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, a beautiful shrub.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An inn. 2. Uneven. 3. A young mare. 4. Weak or light-minded conduct. 5. To gather together.

II. Diagonal, something often on the breakfast-table.

CROSSWORDS: 1. Not plain. 2. Wandering tribes. 3. To disparage. 4. A measure of length, being the distance from the elbow to the extremity of the middle finger. 5. Melodious.

FLOYD.

NOVEL HOUR-GLASS.

1	17
2	16
3	15
4	14
								13
								12
								11
								10
								9

FROM 1 to 9 and from 10 to 17 each name a valuable invention.

CROSSWORDS: 1. The same as from 1 to 9. 2. To surround. 3. A place of restraint. 4. An abbreviation for one of the books of the New Testament. 5. A letter from Europe. 6. A German pronoun. 7. The same thing. 8. The monoceros. 9. The same as from 10 to 17.

A. C. B.

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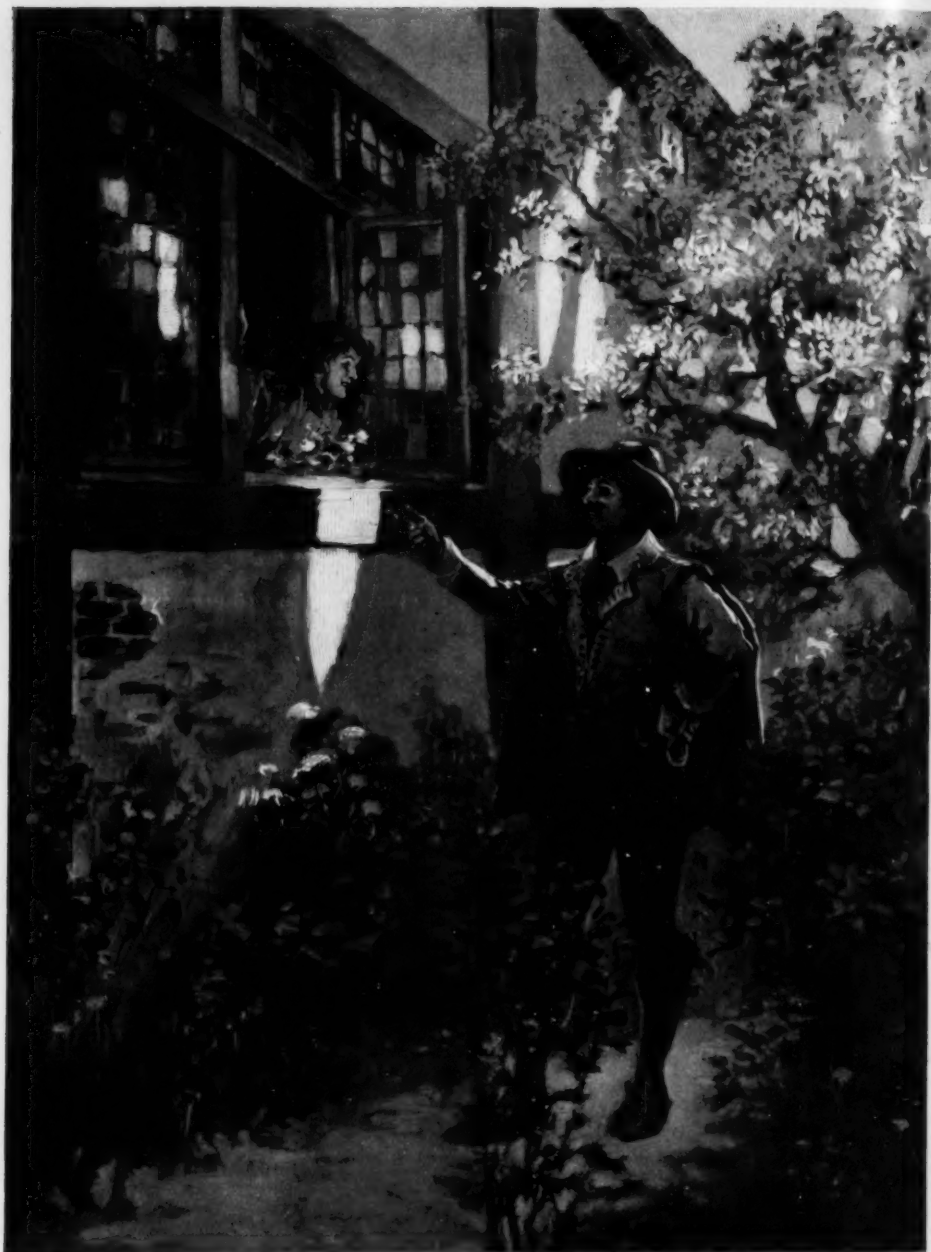
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"'GOOD-MORROW, MASTER EARLY-BIRD!' A MERRY VOICE CALLED UP TO HIM, AND A NOSEGAY DROPPED ON THE WINDOW-LEDGE."

(SEE PAGE 818.)